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ASPINALL'S ENAMEL obtained the GOLD MEDAL,
LONDON EXHIBITION, 1888; also INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION,
JAMAICA, 1888.

ENAMEL.

ONE PENNY. [Registered at the
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THIRD EDITION.
"THE PEOPLE" OFFICE.
Saturday Evening.

LATEST TELEGRAMS.

(BRUTON'S TELEGRAMS.)
GREAT EARTHQUAKE IN
SAN SALVADOR.
TOWNS DESTROYED.
LOSS OF LIFE.

NEW YORK, September 10.—The following telegram from San Salvador, of yesterday's date, has been received by the Herald:—Millions of dollars' worth of property have been wrecked, and many lives lost in this Republic by an earthquake to-day. Whole towns have been destroyed, and as far as present advice indicate hardly a city in the country, except along the coast, has escaped the awful effects of the convulsion. There have been indications for several days past that a seismic disturbance of more than usual power might be expected. The volcanoes of San Salvador, San Miguel, and Izalco have been unusually active, and deep subterranean rumblings, with slight earth tremors have been felt. Such things, however, are not uncommon, and although there was a feeling of uneasiness here yesterday evening, no great alarm was felt. At 1.55 this morning the earth began to shake, the waves having a strong vertical and oscillatory movement. Numbers of the inhabitants immediately rushed from their houses, and although the shock lasted only 20 seconds, yet before it had passed away a panic-stricken mob was making its way to the open country, while men, women, and children were shrieking and crying in the streets. The walls of the houses cracked and then tottered and fell. Meanwhile, there was a deep and continuous rumbling like heavy thunder, while the sky became overcast and the air filled with a fine penetrating dust. While the shock lasted the earth rose and fell in long waves, and even strong men were unable to keep their feet. As soon as possible after the disturbance, temporary shelters were thrown up wherever possible outside the city, but nearly all the men and many women and children had to spend the night in the open. All through the morning there have been slight shocks, and the inhabitants are afraid to return to their houses. They are, however, making themselves as comfortable as possible in their improvised quarters. President Ezeta is doing his utmost to stop the panic and to care for the homeless. The towns in the country have suffered even more than the capital. Analquito and Comasagua have been completely destroyed, while Cojutepeque, Santa Tecla, San Pedro, and Matanzas have been so badly shaken as to be practically ruined. The shock was also plainly felt and damage done at Santa Ana, and Susimitepeque which are fully sixty miles from here. Two persons have been killed in this city and many others have had almost miraculous escapes. It is impossible now to estimate the number of fatalities in other places, but is feared that they are many.

NEW YORK, September 10.—The following dispatch from San Salvador is published by the Herald:—"The details which have been received of the earthquake on Wednesday prove that the visitation was more disastrous than at first reported. In this city alone forty persons were killed and fifty or sixty others seriously injured. The duration of the first shock was ten seconds, during which time a frightful subterranean noise was audible in every part of the city. The people, suddenly awakened from their sleep, rushed out of their houses, and general panic prevailed. Many pathetic scenes and incidents are reported. One case is that of a young mother who was in bed with an infant five days old. The shock was so great as to cause her to roll on her child and kill it. The persons confined in the prison were killed by the walls of their cells falling upon them, and at the hospital two lame patients, who were unable to move, were crushed to death in their beds. Seven children under one year of age were killed. The panic has now somewhat subsided, although a recurrence of the shock is feared. The climax, it is believed, will come on the 21st inst., because of the equinox. The details of the rains creased in the town situated in the centre of the district visited by the earthquake are very meagre, but it is known that of 320 houses at Comasagua only eight remain standing. The loss of life there is also great. News reached last night that the waters of Lake Ilopango were growing warmer, and that a large rise and fall of the surface was taking place. Great alarm was felt, but nothing else unusual has happened."

IRISH EMIGRATION TO CANADA.
OTTAWA, September 12.—The Honourable Horace Plunkett, Lord Dunsany's brother, who is visiting Canada in company with the Earl of Fingal, has been requested by the British Government to report upon Canada as a field for settlement, with a view to promoting a scheme of emigration in the districts of Ireland. Mr. Plunkett gave an interview with the Honourable Abbott, the Premier.

ENGLISH FAMILIES MURDERED BY INDIANS.
NEW YORK, September 11.—The World states a letter, dated July 17th, from a family, giving details of the murder of Indian families by Araucanian Indians, who are a country of their own situated between 30° and 36° south latitude, the principal of which is Loba. Owing to Balmaceda's withdrawal of the troops stationed in the Indian colony, the Indians have full sway. On July 15th five of them visited and dined money at a store between Victoria and Chiloe, which was kept by an Englishman, Walter Magee. The proprietor on refusing this request was struck dead with a carbine, while Magee, owing to his wife's assistance, was stabbed. The assassins then ransacked the house. The son of the murdered man fled. The son of the murderer had his horse to go for help, but has not been heard of, and it is feared that he has fallen into the hands of the Indians and died. The letter sports another outrage at Loba, an Englishman named Eugene McIver, wife and six children, lived. On the 1st of July 14th a number of drunken Indians smashed open the door of the house,

The People.

A Weekly Newspaper for All Classes.

LONDON, SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1891.

MILFORD LANE } STRAND.—No. 518.

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NORTH COUNTRY SKETCHES.

BY P. ANDERSON GRAHAM.

GAMEKEEPERS, GUIDES, AND GILLIES.

During the last generation or so open air essayists, novelists, and others have combined to cast an astonishing halo over the business of the gamekeeper. Fielding's "Black George," who used to drink and beat his wife, who was a sneak, a thief, and a graceless scoundrel, has had to give up his place as a typical member of the fraternity to a paragon of virtue, who in his own person combines the attributes of untainted naturalism, faithful vassal, and finished sportsman. In appearance he is quite noble. His iron-grey locks tell that he is past middle age, but the undimmed, piercing blue of his eye, the breadth of his shoulders, and the symmetry of his limbs leave us to infer what a gay and gallant athlete he was in the brave days of youth, when every Christmas night the privilege was his of dancing the first dance at the servants' ball with the mistress of the house. In romance, too, he usually has a daughter, a beautiful, fresh-coloured, simple, innocent girl, who plays havoc with the heart of some youth at the ball.

This daughter is the last straw to break the back of the fancy. Whoever knows the inside of a keeper's cottage, and the curious assortment of sportsmen who gather there—bagmen with a fisk, in search of an evening's ferreting; fast youths from the village, seeking a lesson with the gloves or a day among the rocks or the wood pigeons; doggy men, who come to buy, or barter, or sell; whippers-in, sent to inquire about the foxes; slippers, asking about the hares—in a word, all those members of a rural community with a reputation among the women. "Why, whoever knows these, they know that the keeper's daughter, if she be not a dry-panned at the next farm, or a housemaid at the hall, has been chucked under the chin, and chaffed and handled till she knows a considerable deal more about love-making than any well-guided youth from public schools or University who is supposed to lead her astray. And it is just as nonsensical to portray her father's life as one of unlimited "beer and skittles." Depend upon it, before he completes his half century those magnificent limbs of his will be with rheumatism engendered by many a long night watch when chill November blasts were whistling through the bare woods where the pheasants were at roost. Shooting is an exceedingly pleasant pastime, if you may choose your own weather and season; when you like and leave off when you like, it being of no consequence to anybody except yourself whether you come home wet or without a bag. It is a very different matter with the keeper, whose orders are to have so much game into the larder whatever be the distance he has to tramp for it. No wonder that in winter he will sometimes by a train of corn, and while the partridges are feeding, in line make his bag with a single and most unportmantlike shot. Making wire into rabbit snares or clearing guns is not a lively employment, but it is preferable to what is sometimes termed sport.

I once knew a keeper who, in his love for wild things, nearly approached the ideal of romance, but, like many of his class, he was solely addicted to drink. His cottage stood at the corner of a wood, and long before you could see the clematis on its walls yelping pointers and setters proclaimed the whereabouts of the iron-nailed kennel. On approaching, the nostrils were assailed by the evil odour from the walls of an enclosure Dick loved to impale his enemies. Hawks and bright coloured jays dangled at trees, like highwaymen in chains, beside ovis and carion crows and ravens; moles and weasels and stoats were suspended by the tail. Till accident disclosed the following scene I could never understand how one day the place seemed a small menagerie and the next was depopulated of its pets—not only Dick's, but those of his wife. Imagine the stalwart keeper after three days of hard drinking, still haggard, dazed, and stupid, fury thirst at his throat, emptiness in his pocket, now endeavouring to bully, now to cajole, money from a better half, who, with stony, determined face, answers every request and command with angry reprimand and rebuke. While, with the game bag slung over his shoulder and the gun on his arm, he is still in the worst of tempers waiting for her to relent, enter the young cat—cats never attained old age in the neighbourhood of Dick. "That's the brute that killed the pattering chicks," he says, and lends it a vicious flick with the butt of his gun. He did not intend to use quite so much vigour, but the blow, in spite of him, is energetic, and catching the poor beast on the side of the head rolls it over a corpse, its proverbial nine lives all gone at once. "Would you though?" cries the now enraged terciman. "Then here goes for Jacky!" and in a moment she has seized a chopper and done for a pretty tame squirrel that, oblivious of the quarrel and its coming doom, had been playing and larking about the kitchen table. Dick, maddened, replies to this by wringing the neck of her kitten; she retaliates on his game bantam; and for a few moments both rage round the room and the yard in search of something to kill. Then when everything that can be come at is dead—even the carrier pigeon and the guinea pig of the children—her woman's heart asserts itself, her fury abates, and she, who is in nowise given to weeping, bursts into a flood of tears. The excitement has roused Dick from the stupor left by drink, and, however ashamed of himself, he sinks away on his round, avoiding the public-house to-day, and quenching his thirst at a well trickling out from the hillside rocks. On returning, to the great wonder of his wife, who knows how he hates all the feline tribe, he produces a frisky little kitten as a peace offering. They kiss and are friends. From one source or another the dead pets are gradually replaced, and all goes merry as a marriage-bell till some day he is tempted on the spree again and the old scene is repeated.

Away in the Highlands the place usually occupied by the gamekeeper is given to the gilly, another individual qualified exceedingly by the makers of

fiction. In my mind the guide occupies a position midway between them. Probably the most amusing specimens are those that infest old abbeys and ruins and churchyards. Of course it is a mere rascal got by heart that they tell you. Some years ago there used to be one at Stirling who could in nowise get through his screen unless he commenced at the very beginning. "Here lies John Knox," he would begin in his swift, monotonous way, "who never feared the face of God." And he lies Ebenezer Erskine, who was born six months after his mother was buried—and so on. The fun was to interrupt him midway and hear him start afresh. "Here lies John Knox." Any one with a grave face and quiet manner could in this way make him begin and go over the ground fifty times. Poor fellow! I expect he lies there himself now, with many of those who laughed at him, and not one fears the face of God more than John Knox did.

Living as they do, however, beside moulderings ruins and charnel-houses, with plenty of leisure wherein to think, it is not wonder that these people often get infected with the atmosphere of the place and try to express their feelings in verse. Far more might be imagined have written little books of poetry. It is stuff as wise as could be imagined, but the authors are the last to acknowledge it a fact that, if all tales be true, Lord Tennyson has had some cause to reflect. The tale goes that on one of his visits to Scotland, being desirous of seeing certain famous abbey, he went and knocked at the house of the man who kept the keys, who, as it happened, was also a poet, one whose immortal works may all be had in a single volume for threepence. Naturally enough he had been on the get up while Lord Tennyson was in the neighbourhood, and in his vanity overlooking any possible object but one in the friendly cell, came out with a beaming countenance and extended hand. "Come, sir, have both advice and counsel; the latter need not be of a physical sort."

SUPERLATIVE.—You omit to say how long ago the accident happened. On the face of your letter, you appear to be still liable for damages. I cannot be held responsible for the same, but you were extremely foolish to lay a name to a man who has not even a name. J. MARLEY.—Have you rejected by legal process the fact that you do not quit at the termination of the lease?

ONE IN NEED.—Not unless you are in receipt of a bill.

E. FOLLMERON.—You cannot go wrong if you comply with the company's directions.

N. B. BARTLEY.—You must excuse us, but we cannot undertake to wade through such an extremely voluminous correspondence. The packet of letters has been posted as received.

JOHN BURTON.—She is a poor but good and prudent and creditable; the latter need not be of a physical sort.

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THE DUCHESS OF POWYSLAND.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

DOUBTS!

Next morning it was authoritatively announced to the fashionable world that the Duke of Powysland had gone off to Norway alone for six weeks' salmon fishing, and that the duchess would remain by herself for the present in her temporary home in Osnar Gardens.

But in the servants' hall unofficial voices whispered freely how, the evening before, while Ruggles was arranging the flowers in the dining-room, and William attending to the gas on the stairs, the duchess had swept out of the library, where she had been with the duke, for all the world "like a play actress," as the butler phrased it; and how his grace's voice had been heard calling loudly after her, in no measured tones, "I know where I stand now, then. I know how you're betrayed me."

"There's no place on earth like a servant's hall for the evolution of gossip; and in less than three days those ominous words, in all their possible bearings, had been discussed and threshed out half a dozen times over by the whole household, while endless varying interpretations had been put upon them by every one of its individual members. For the duke had found out that his grace had betrayed him!"

Meanwhile, the duchess remained in solitary state in Osnar Gardens; and Elizabeth Woodward, slimmed and discreet of lady's maids, waited adroitly upon her in her temporary widowhood.

The more Linda saw of Elizabeth the better she liked her. There's nothing a capable woman admires so much as capability in others; and the new maid was almost as capable in her own way as Linda herself. She moved about the room so noiselessly; she anticipated every contingency so intelligently and well, that Linda felt something very like real friendship for her dove-aywardant. The duchess, of course, stood in need of sympathy, strong and self-reliant though she was. She was still a woman, and it was no small trial to her that her husband should have thus gone off, in the first year of her marriage, on an insufficient pretext, in a fit of jealous anger, and left her alone in that dreary town house, to be a subject of whispering gossip for half the inquisitive quiddums of London. She was too proud to show it, of course.

Linda could never wear her heart on her sleeve, no matter what happened; but she felt the slight nose less bitterly in her own innocent soul, and often on evenings when she didn't dine out she sat by herself in that dainty little boudoir absorbed in thought, and wondered what end it might all portend; what sort of married life might henceforth be in store for her.

Now, all these things Elizabeth Woodward divined with silent attentiveness; and though she never said a word to her mistress that might seem overtly to acknowledge the trouble in which Linda was involved, she gave her none the less that quiet and soothing sort of mute sympathy which is expressed only by gentle action, soft speech, and the constant instinctive avoidance of anything that could suggest unhappy trains of thought or unpleasant reminiscences.

"Elizabeth," Linda said to her new maid one day, in a sudden access of gratitude for her unspoken kindness, "I declare, I like better to be up here alone in my own room with you than with any one else in all London. You're a lady, at heart—that's what makes me like you so."

A hot flush red on the maid's cheek as she answered, bending low over her mistress' hair to hide the tears that filled her eyes, "Thank you very much, duchess. You're far too kind. I don't know how it is, but I somehow feel as if I'd never met anybody in the world I could take as I've taken to you. You make me feel better than anybody else ever did. You make me feel I should like to be like you, you're so good and kind and considerate to everybody."

And she held her breath hard, and fell for the rest of the evening's work into a silent reverie.

During those six weeks while Bertie was away Linda went out but little, and that little only just enough to save appearances and prevent scandal. If she were to shut herself up in the house altogether, and refuse all invitations from no master what quarter, people would say something had gone wrong internally in the Powysland family. Ne'erless, oh, and if you are a duchess you must "behave as such, by bearing your fair share in the festivities of society." So Linda accepted a few unavoidable engagements, and drove out from time to time in that horrid recurrent treadmill of the park, just to make a show of being still in London, and of not being ashamed to appear openly. On two or three such occasions when she quitted the house, her eye happened to fall upon an idle-looking man in a grey felt hat, loitering loose about the gardens; and her attention being once directed to him, she observed at last from the drawing-room window that this man was pretty constantly lounging close by, in the roadway outside; but, nay, more, that he seemed to be relieved at intervals by another unpleasant person in a rough pea-jacket, to whom he nodded distantly and unobtrusively when they passed one another at the street. He noticed also with some at one or other of the same looking men turned up now and again in the park he was driving 'fore. In little recognition didn't at her equanimity; but two led that occurred shortly to the shabbily-dressed

luding one morning by a bed-room, shortly after id looking out into the the man with the grey ed by his companion, and was ed with his eyes as he passed, each had a glimmer of personal degradation. "Oh, Elizabeth, Elizabeth, it's very, very crass of me; do tell me! You know them! You know them!"

Elizabeth sank down on a chair, buried her face in her hands, and began at once to cry bitterly. "I don't know them," she answered through her sobs; "but I know who they are. I've seen them before. I can't keep the truth from you any longer, dear duchess. They're private detectives."

"So I thought," Linda said privately, with a new and creeping sense of personal degradation. "Oh, Elizabeth, it's very, very crass of me; do tell me! You know them!"

The girl rose, and fang her arms wildly round the duchess's neck. "Oh, you're too, too good," she cried, in a passionate outburst of sobs. "You poor dear, you poor dear. What shall

I ever do? You make me so ashamed of myself!"

Another hateful doubt rose up all unbidden in Linda's breast. Suspicion makes one so suspicious in return. What could the girl mean? "Oh, Elizabeth," she exclaimed, clapping her hand to her forehead in her agony of suspense, "don't tell me that! Don't say you, too, are against me! Don't say he put you here to spy upon me and keep watch over me!"

The girl started back in another sudden burst of fierce emotion. "Oh, no; not that," she cried, trembling like an aspen leaf. "Never that, I swear heaven! Not treacherous, not treacherous! Dear duchess, dear lady, I don't even believe that about me. I'm bad enough already, I know—oh, so bad, so wicked—but I wouldn't do that, no, not for the universe. I wouldn't hurt you or spy upon you, not if it was to save my life. Why, I love you, duchess! Nobody ever spoke kindly to me or treated me yet as you've always treated me. I've got a good side to my nature still, bad as I am, thank God, and you've played upon that good side as nobody ever played upon it in my life till now. I wouldn't do a thing to harm you, not for all the world. Oh, my lady, my lady, I love you, I love you!"

And to Linda's immense surprise, the poor sobbing creature flung herself wildly at her feet, and laid her head in her lap, laughing and crying long and violently.

It was evident, then, that whatever the mystery might be about Elizabeth Woodward, Mr. Jones must in some way be very closely connected with it. Linda, looking at the poor girl's refined and ladylike face, drew at once her own natural conclusion. There are so many such tragedies in the world around us, and the unknown Mr. Jones, that ought to have with a smile, only different from the heroes (or villains) of most of them in this, that at least he had the grace to come and inquire after the health of his victim.

And that, Linda supposed, was the simple meaning of Elizabeth Woodward's many broken remarks about her own supposed unutterable wickedness.

Such wickedness as here Linda could easily forgive. The duchess was not one of those good women who make of their own virtue a pedestal of self-righteousness from which to look down with scorn and contempt upon the slips of all their less fortunate sisters.

At last, after a long struggle, the patient began to move. What made her convalescence slower and more difficult than usual, the doctor thought, was the severe mental trouble she seemed to be enduring. As far as Linda could judge, indeed, her maid was passing through a long-drawn agony of remorse and shame. More than once the poor girl stammered up in her bed and began to speak, as if she meant to unb burden her heart of its load of grief in one wild outburst of spontaneous confession; and then her courage would break down again, and she shrank once more within herself, unconfessed, and nobbed herself faint with her suppressed emotion. Linda encouraged her, as much as she could, to lay bare her breast and tell all her secret, whatever it might be; but Elizabeth was too afraid or too profoundly ashamed of herself to venture on such an unburdening. Nothing her mistress could say would induce her to speak out the fulness of her heart. She lay on her bed and moaned, as though she had been wounded or cut with something sharp; but otherwise, the butler observed, once more, he was quite the gentleman.

Half an hour later, when Linda went up to see her maid after her sleep, she found, to her great surprise, the room empty.

That was all. Nothing was gone from it, not even Elizabeth Woodward's box; but her clothes had disappeared, and she herself with them. A sprawling pencilled note, in a shabby boyish-like hand, was fastened to the pin cushion:

"Dear Duchesses, good-bye. You have behaved like an angel to me. I could never stop another day in your house to wrong you further. You have made me feel as I never felt in my life before. Forgive me, forgive me! Yours gratefully,

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The only explanation Linda could possibly make to herself of this strange mystery was, that in spite of her disclaimer, the delicate maid had gone out there, like the detectives, by Bertie, to spy upon her.

(To be continued.)

CHAPTER XXXIV.

MISS WOODWARD'S SECRET.

For three or four weeks Linda nursed her maid with unceasing care through that terrible attack as she would have nursed a sister. Night and day she watched tenderly by the girl's bedside, gave her medicine and food, bathed her with her own hands, and soothed and potted her as one puts a frightened child, in her paroxysms of delirium.

Not that Elizabeth Woodward herself permitted it. Time after time, looking up pale and tearful from her feverish pillow, she besought her mistress with earnest entreaty to leave her. She wasn't worthy of being so cared for, she cried; if only the duchess knew all, and there she always broke off short, with a stifled sigh and a look of profound meaning. Whatever it was, Linda was certain the girl had something on her mind; but the very crisis of a dangerous fever was not, she wisely concluded, the best moment in the world to investigate its nature.

While her maid was ill, too, Linda went out but very little. The servants, be sure, in their self-dispising way, were scandalised that her grace should shut herself up for whole days at a time just to nurse a young woman of their own class through a severe illness—a paid girl from the hospital would have done it quite as well—but Linda didn't much mind their righteous indignation. To dowagers who are used to such levelling ways, she said quite frankly she was engaged in looking after her maid, to whom she had taken a great personal fancy; and, she added, that not having herself been born a duchess, she considered Elizabeth Woodward quite as human as anybody else in the whole circle of her acquaintances. The girl interested her, and she liked to take care of her. She had a professional nurse in from an institute as well, of course, to lighten the heavy night duty; but herself tended the patient in person for the greater part of the day, and took turns, as well, in sitting up now and again with her when the fever was at its height.

Among those who called once or twice during Bertie's absence, to Linda's great discomfiture, for more reasons than one, was Basil MacLaine. That eager young man couldn't resist the chance of thus making the most of his acquaintance with a duchess. His attentions put Linda in a most awkward predicament. On the one hand, she could no longer conceal from herself the humiliating fact that she was being closely watched by her husband's orders, and by two trained detectives; nor could she pretend to doubt, after what Douglas Harrison had told her, that Basil MacLaine himself was almost certainly the object of the duke's intense jealousy. On the other hand, her own self-respect made it absolutely impossible for her to hint to Basil, however indirectly, that he should discontinue his visits. She owed it to herself, she felt, under these painful circumstances, to behave to him exactly as she would behave to any other casual acquaintance, neither making much nor little of him, but receiving him when he came as she received all other incidental callers. Yet she knew all the time that each such visit was, no doubt, being carefully recorded in writing against her, and that Bertie, on his return from Norway, would probably put the very worst possible interpretation upon them.

It's a terrible thing to be innocent, and yet to know yourself suspected. Nobody in such a case can ever act quite naturally. The very sense of innocence, coupled with the knowledge of the suspicions against one, gives rise to an awkward self-consciousness which looks like guilt in the eyes of others. Even the servants noticed that her grace was perturbed whenever Mr. MacLaine called; and, putting her obvious uneasiness aside with the duke's last words on quitting the house, they made such mischief out of the coincidence as only upper-class servants, in time hanging heavily on their lips in the servants' hall, ever know how to make for innocent people.

Elizabeth Woodward's illness was long and severe. At one time it

seemed as if she would never get better. During those doubtful days, while she hovered between life and death, so the butler reported, a well-dressed man, giving the name of Jones, had called frequently at the door to inquire after Miss Woodward's condition. He was a very respectable man, the butler said emphatically—in fact, quite the gentleman—and he seemed to take on a good deal about Miss Woodward's illness, and, being so thin, might never get over it, which last remark, though grammatically referable to the very respectable man, was rightly interpreted by Linda as intended on the butler's part for an expression of sympathy and respect towards the amiable patient.

But when Linda told the sick girl of Mr. Jones's little inquiries, Elizabeth only buried her face in her hands deeper than ever in despair, and cried out energetically that as long as she lived she hadn't ever want to see anything more of that dreadful creature.

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(To be continued.)

THREATS TO MURDER.

At the Westminster Police Court Herbert Gregg, of strange appearance, formerly employed as a ledger clerk at the Government Army Clothing Factory, Pimlico, was brought up on a warrant charged with sending letters and post cards threatening to murder Dr. H. Veale, the medical officer of the department.—Prisoner appeared reading a religious book and wearing the "blue ribbon" and a Band of Hope medallion on his breast.—Dr. Veale deplored that he resided in St. George's-road, Pimlico, and knew the prisoner as a former employee of the stores. In the discharge of his duty witness had made a report of his physical and mental condition, and he came to the conclusion that he was not in his right mind. Defendant had in consequence to leave the factory. This was in February last. Since that time witness had received a great number of threatening letters and postcards from the prisoner. A summons was taken out against the man in June, but he did not appear to it. Latterly the threatening communications from him had been so frequent that a week ago a warrant was obtained.—Mr. Withington, the clerk, read a postcard, dated September 3, identified as in the handwriting of the prisoner, on which he designated the prosecutor as a "scoundrel," and warned him to get ready for death.—Detective Henry Jones, B Division, said he arrested the prisoner on Wednesday morning at his lodgings in Vincent-street, Westminster. On the prisoner was found a threatening letter to Dr. Veale, and one addressed to the captain of the social wing of the Salvation Army, stating that he (accused) was in great straits, and would do some harm to the public unless he were found employment.—Prisoner told the magistrate that he had suffered a great deal, and that, being of a highly nervous temperament, he had been misunderstood. His failing had been want of confidence in himself. He had written to the doctor in the manner complained of because he was roused by his loss of employment.—Mr. Eustace remanded the accused, and told him that he would be well looked after.

INFLUENZA IN SPAIN.

Influenza is rapidly spreading in the province of Xeres, where 1,200 persons are down with it; and in the province of Cadiz, where the parties, gave an alarm outside, and called the police. Several of the neighbours also were attracted by the disturbance. In the confusion, Dr. Aveling made his escape, followed by Madame Kautsky; but a neighbour heard Dr. Aveling say, in a dramatic and self-satisfied tone, "Now it is done," and the lady smiled.—Mr. Bros: Was your client hurt by the blow?—Mr. Young: Not to any serious extent. But he desires to show Dr. Aveling that such things cannot be done with impunity.—Mr. Bros: You might take the summons for assault.

DOCTOR GRECHEN AGAIN.

Doctor Grechen, who was recently fined 5,000 marks at Luxembourg for publishing a pamphlet describing the private diseases of distinguished men and women and giving their full initials, has issued a second edition of the scandalous pamphlet, in which the initials are simply reversed. The excitement caused by the publication is great. The doctor's life is threatened.

DISGRACEFUL OUTRAGES.

A painful incident has occurred at Rainham, a village between Chatham and Sittingbourne. The body of a man named Cox had been interred in the churchyard, and the mourners had departed, when a gang of youths, in the temporary absence of the sexton, got into the grave and jumped on the coffin, while the sexton was called to the prison, who was in Woburn-place. She was shouting and singing at the top of her voice. She was requested to go away, and proceeded some little distance, but recommended the annoyance, and was taken into custody. She was under the influence of drink.—A gentleman named Kaine, who lives in Woburn-place, came forward and gave evidence as to the conduct of the constable towards the accused. He stated that the officers struck her with his fist on her side and shoulder, and he pushed her violently.

Sir John Bridge said a constable had no right to push anyone. Where persons were wrong they must be taken into custody. They must not be pushed or shoved in any way. In this case, as in many others, the police did it in order to avoid making a charge. It had often been said that constables were looked upon with favour by their superiors if they brought in a certain number of charges, and that they obtained a certain amount of credit, and therefore brought in as many as possible. (To Inspector Robinson, on Wednesday.)

An amusing incident occurred in the Vacation Court on Wednesday. On Wednesday week Mr. Justice Collins will be succeeded by Mr. Justice Jeune. Mr. Martin, Q.C., announced on Wednesday that the hearing of an application had by arrangement been adjourned for a fortnight. Mr. Justice Collins: Then I shall have nothing more to do with the case. Mr. Martin: I am glad to hear so. A general titter followed this reply, and the judge, the reporter says, was evidently very much amused. Counsel, realising the situation, hastily added: For your lordship's sake.

A DEAL MYSTERY.

An inquest was held at Deal upon the body of Naomi Day, which was found floating in the sea on Wednesday. The mother of the girl said she had for two months past shown an irritable temper. Witness could not account for her disappearance. Dr. Payne stated that he had made a post mortem examination of the body, and found that death was due to suffocation. There were no marks of violence on the body, and local rumours as to the physical condition of the deceased were entirely unfounded.—A brother of the deceased said he prepared tea for him at seven o'clock on the evening of her disappearance, and he then noticed nothing unusual about her.—Mrs. Ladd, a neighbour saw the girl leave home at half-past 7, muttering to herself.—The jury returned an open verdict of found drowned.

LYNCHING AT NEW ORLEANS.

A Daniel's telegram from New Orleans states that according to the Pieyoun, a serious assault has been committed upon a school teacher near Acadia. The school at which the girl taught is two miles from her home. A negro met her in the lonely part of the road, and attacked her. Throwing her down he bound her arms, and gagged her with her pocket handkerchief. He then dragged her to a tree, where he kept her for two days. Meanwhile a search party started out to find her. She was discovered as stated, and told her story though nearly dead with fatigue. She said that the negro had gone away for a time, but would soon return, and in order to capture him to the party hid

OUR OMNIBUS.

PIPER PAN.

The Liverpool Courier of Tuesday last gives a glowing account of the production of "Carmen" on the previous night at the Court Theatre. The performers were the No. 2 division of the Carl Rosa Opera Company, and they appear to have done justice to Bizet's masterpiece. Madame Marie Rose, as Carmen, repeated a familiar triumph; and Mr. Durward Lely, as Don Jose, is said to have greatly distinguished himself. I remember well his first appearance in that character, when the English version of "Carmen" was produced by Mr. Carl Rosa at Her Majesty's Opera, and since then I have never seen so excellent a representative of Don Jose as Mr. Durward Lely.

Some time back I announced that Mr. Durward Lely had undertaken the onerous task of managing the operatic performances given last month at Craig-y-Nos Castle. From all quarters I have heard that he did his work well, both as manager and performer, and I hear that Madame Adelina Patti has recommended his valuable services by presenting him with a gold breast pin inlaid with diamonds.

Saturday, September 5th, was the centenary of Meyerbeer's birth, and the directors of the Alhambra paid a graceful tribute to the memory of that great composer by performing an orchestral selection from his finest work, "Les Huguenots," and also the celebrated march from "La Prophète." It seems to me that the Alhambra directors did honour to themselves in paying this tribute to Meyerbeer and in repeating the march every night this week.

While writing the above, I have received the Monthly Musical Record for this month which contains a free translation of the criticism of "Les Huguenots" inserted by Schumann in the "Zaitechrift für Musik," September 5th, 1857. He says:—Dobuchey, murder, and cast—this is all that meets us in the "Huguenots." He subsequently admits that "Les Huguenots" contains "some inspirations of a certain loftiness and grandeur, which only a blind hater would deny," but adds that "all these things cannot compensate for the coarseness, distortion, hypocrisy, immorality, and unmeaningness of the whole." These comments savour more of "blind hatred" than of fair criticism.

The South Australian Register of July 24th has reached me, and contains a glowing account of the farewell concert given by Sir Charles and Lady Hallé at Adelaide. On this occasion Lady Hallé played the Stradivarius violin jointly given to her by H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh and the Earl of Dudley. It once belonged to Ernest, and I well remember that when playing a pathetic "Romance" upon it he drew tears from my eyes. Lady Hallé has never done that, but is an accomplished violinist, nevertheless.

A MS. opera, entitled "Nydia," will be produced on Thursday, October 10th, at the Crystal Palace. It is founded on Bulwer's "Last Days of Pompeii," and the music is the work of Mr. George Fox, whose lively comic opera, "Robert Macaire"—produced at the Crystal Palace two years ago—I have a pleasant recollection. "Nydia" will be his first "serious" opera, and I have little doubt that it will be well worth a visit to the Crystal Palace.

A German version of "Ivanhoe," Sir Arthur Sullivan's first "serious" opera, is in preparation at the Berlin Opera, and will, according to present arrangements, be produced early in December next. Sir Walter Scott's novels have been familiarised to German readers by excellent translations, and I am inclined to think that Sir Arthur's "Ivanhoe" will be as popular at Berlin as it has been in London.

The famous violinist, Joachim, has a thick head of hair, and tells an amusing story of a visit he paid, long ago, to a barber whom he was unknown, and who proposed to cut off what appeared to him the superfluous traces of his customer. Joachim objected, and, to the astonishment of the barber, burst out laughing when that worthy gave him the humiliating advice, "You had better have your hair cut a little shorter, sir, or people will mistake you for a fiddler."

THE ACTOR.

The first thought of those who entered the Lyceum on Wednesday night was, probably, "How will the theatre look under the influence of the electric light?" The answer was eminently favourable. The new light added to its brightness. Of the new exits and entrances to the theatre I am not able to speak from personal knowledge, but the effect of the new exit from the upper circle was very marked. I thought the occupants of the boxes, circle, and stalls being able to leave the theatre much more quickly than before. There can be no doubt, I think, that the alterations which Mr. Irving has made will be heartily applauded by the public.

Many people, no doubt, noticed on Wednesday that Mr. Daly had introduced into "L'Enfant Prodigue" an allusion which brings it thoroughly down to date. The reference I mean is to "L'Enfant Prodigue," a reference emphasised by the orchestra, which, at the fall of the curtain on one of the acts, plays a short extract from the "Enfant Prodigue" music. Otherwise the play is the same as before, only, as some of us thought, a little less interesting and fetching.

The same evening was signalled by the publication, in Mr. Stead's old "rag," of an article by Mr. George Moore, in which that writer professed to describe the habits and manners of the theatrical critics. It is to be hoped no one will be so foolish as to accept Mr. Moore's comically inaccurate description. Really, Mr. Moore ought to know better. He is often at the theatre, and should have used his eyes to more advantage. He should have advised his brother to revise his article for him. Mr. A. M. Moore is himself a theatrical critic, and would have corrected his relative's absurd blunders.

Wednesday was further notable as the night on which Mr. Tree played Hamlet for the first time. Manchester was the place chosen for the event, and the result seems to have been a popular success. Mr. Tree has begun fortunately. His Hamlet appears to be a performance more remarkable in detail than in the bulk. His general conception of the role seems to be on accepted lines; only in particulars has he gone very far from the conventional. In these, no doubt, he is quite right. Some of his innovations strike me as likely to be pronounced "forced." The notion of a choir of angels singing over the dead Hamlet, behind the scenes, is not, I think, a happy one.

Ophelia is a part in which I can imagine Mr. Tree would be very successful, her figure and style are both adapted to the role. Anything graceful, poetic, and a little sad always suits Mrs. Tree wonderfully. The Ghost of Mr. Fernandes, the Queen of Miss Rose Leclercq, the Polonius of Mr. Kemble, the Laertes of Mr. Fred Terry, all well believe all the good things that are said of them. Mr. Tree's "make-up," by the way,

seems to be rather striking. The slight beard will probably excite controversy.

Mr. Tree, I see, has been to Stratford-on-Avon. That was while he was playing at Birmingham, where he had a special triumph with "The Dancing Girl." The budding Hamlet, the King John and Falstaff of recent representations must necessarily have felt a keen interest in Shakspeare's town—a delightful place, I think, on the whole, though not quite so antique-looking as one would like it for sentiment's sake—to be. It is now too much of a show town, perhaps, and is rather self-conscious accordingly.

It is pleasant to find the Queen patronising theatrical operations (i.e., the capturing of wild elephants) in India. Mr. Savi, the director of the work, captured no less than 230 head. Just imagine, if you can, what 230 elephants would look like altogether. One elephant is something to attract the attention of English people, but 230! Think of the feeding of such a family. Luckily, their food is very cheap in India, and the value of their labour is great, so such a haul as this is not such an incubus as it might prove here.

How strange it seems that the pastime of falconry should have died out as utterly as it has. Between two and three centuries ago it was the sport of kings; now it is practised by a very few indeed. In fact, it has fallen into such disuse in England that it is now impossible to get the hoods, jesses, and other trapping of the hawk in this country at all. A long time ago a friend of mine who took up with the idea of training a hawk made inquiries, and found that he had to send to Holland for all the apparatus of the falconer. In that country, I believe, the sport still prevails to some extent, for the wide expanses of sand, fen, and plain render the place good hawking ground. It seems a great pity, indeed, to me, that this royal sport has so died out, for it was genuine sport, and most fascinating to witness. If landowners instead of allowing hawks to be all shot, caught and trained them, they would derive considerable amusement therefrom at but little expense.

We will all be interested to see the first specimens of the new Australian mole that will be exhibited in England. One damaged specimen, it appears, was obtained in 1888; others have been collected in Lord Kintore's recent journey across Australia. The peculiarity of the mole is that it is a viviparous animal; it carries its young in a pouch like the kangaroo and other Australian animals. In other respects it has all the characteristics of an ordinary mole, with the habits of one. It forms an entirely new division of the marsupials, and thus is a most important discovery.

I have had another story of a strange friend-skip springing up between animals. It was told me by a friend whom I was staying with the other day. He has a little cocker spaniel, which usually is but too fond of chasing the fowls about the fields. But one hen being ill and being brought into the house to recuperate, the dog became gracious at once, feeling it incumbent upon him to act the hen. I suppose. Anyhow, they have grown fast friends now, and may be seen at any time eating out of the same dish.

Here is a new amusement which I claim to have invented myself. All that is needed for it is two giant toads, two bell glasses, and a supply of insects. Each giant toad is put on a piece of white paper under a bell glass, and the game is to try and break the one that will eat most in a certain time, say five minutes. Each person has an equal number of insects, caterpillars for choice, of nearly the same size, and introduces them under the bell glass in lots of five or ten at a time. The toads when they have got rather tame and accustomed to the work, give great fun, and the contestants are really very exciting. Of course, you may have more than two entered, but two are generally enough to fully occupy the attention of scorers and referee.

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Fishing is improving in the Lee, but there is not much of consequence to report. From Fulbrough I hear by wire that the water is now in splendid condition, and anglers may almost rely upon good sport. Some excellent bars of bream, roach, and dace have been had, and the fish taken include many above the average weight.

Mr. Eldridge's Dulwich competition

proved a marked success, in spite of adverse conditions. There were no less than 233 entries, and the whole of the twenty-eight prizes offered were taken with really good fish, some among them from the Central Association water. The hero of the day was Mr. J. W. Biggs of the "Funny Folks," who came out a double first, having won the first prize in the former competition. Mr. C. Webber, of the Dalton, was second with 5lb. 8oz., and Mr. A. Shakes of the Anchor and Hope, made a good third with 5lb. 2oz. The lowest weight taking a prize was 1lb. 8oz.

I was glad to see Mr. C. A. Medcalf, the general president of the Central Association, in the chair at their meeting at the Bedford Head, Covent Garden, W.C., on Monday last, when many important items of business were promptly dealt with. The Willmott and Neasden Angling Society was enrolled, balliffs reports submitted as to Dulwich fishery, and the action of the Cliftonville anglers in regard to their late secretary fully endorsed. Two more boxes were received from Mr. Brougham for the T.A.P.S., and a collection made on behalf of the Anglers' prize fund for the Dulwich flower show, which Mr. Nut, of the Swan, with the public spirit which distinguishes him, has again taken in hand. There was a short discussion on the Norfolk Broads question and other matters, one's programme during the representation—which one could not do before.

The grand saloon on the upper circle tier looks very brilliant under the new conditions. It has apparently been redecorated or refurnished in some way, and the new light adds to its brightness. Of the new exits and entrances to the theatre I am not able to speak from personal knowledge, but the effect of the new exit from the upper circle was very marked. I thought the occupants of the boxes, circle, and stalls being able to leave the theatre much more quickly than before. There can be no doubt, I think, that the alterations which Mr. Irving has made will be heartily applauded by the public.

Many people, no doubt, noticed on Wednesday that Mr. Daly had introduced into "L'Enfant Prodigue" an allusion which brings it thoroughly down to date. The reference I mean is to "L'Enfant Prodigue," a reference emphasised by the orchestra, which, at the fall of the curtain on one of the acts, plays a short extract from the "Enfant Prodigue" music. Otherwise the play is the same as before, only, as some of us thought, a little less interesting and fetching.

The same evening was signalled by the publication, in Mr. Stead's old "rag," of an article by Mr. George Moore, in which that writer professed to describe the habits and manners of the theatrical critics. It is to be hoped no one will be so foolish as to accept Mr. Moore's comically inaccurate description. Really, Mr. Moore ought to know better. He is often at the theatre, and should have used his eyes to more advantage. He should have advised his brother to revise his article for him. Mr. A. M. Moore is himself a theatrical critic, and would have corrected his relative's absurd blunders.

Wednesday was further notable as the night on which Mr. Tree played Hamlet for the first time. Manchester was the place chosen for the event, and the result seems to have been a popular success. Mr. Tree has begun fortunately. His Hamlet appears to be a performance more remarkable in detail than in the bulk. His general conception of the role seems to be on accepted lines; only in particulars has he gone very far from the conventional. In these, no doubt, he is quite right. Some of his innovations strike me as likely to be pronounced "forced."

The notion of a choir of angels singing over the dead Hamlet, behind the scenes, is not, I think, a happy one.

Ophelia is a part in which I can imagine Mr. Tree would be very successful, her figure and style are both adapted to the role. Anything graceful, poetic, and a little sad always suits Mrs. Tree wonderfully. The Ghost of Mr. Fernandes, the Queen of Miss Rose Leclercq, the Polonius of Mr. Kemble, the Laertes of Mr. Fred Terry, all well believe all the good things that are said of them. Mr. Tree's "make-up," by the way,

seems to be rather striking. The slight beard will probably excite controversy.

Mr. Tree, I see, has been to Stratford-on-Avon. That was while he was playing at Birmingham, where he had a special triumph with "The Dancing Girl." The budding Hamlet, the King John and Falstaff of recent representations must necessarily have felt a keen interest in Shakspeare's town—a delightful place, I think, on the whole, though not quite so antique-looking as one would like it for sentiment's sake—to be. It is now too much of a show town, perhaps, and is rather self-conscious accordingly.

It is pleasant to find the Queen patronising

theatrical operations (i.e., the capturing of wild elephants) in India. Mr. Savi, the director of the work, captured no less than 230 head. Just imagine, if you can, what 230 elephants would look like altogether. One elephant is something to attract the attention of English people, but 230! Think of the feeding of such a family. Luckily, their food is very cheap in India, and the value of their labour is great, so such a haul as this is not such an incubus as it might prove here.

There may be in the angling world on other matters, all agree in the necessity of maintaining its good name, and do their best, by precept and example, to justify the honest and peaceful reputation so long attaching to the craft.

Those of the London anglers who desire to mark their appreciation of the uniform kindness extended to them by the farmers and inhabitants of Pulborough and district generally, cannot do better than send a small contribution to Mr. Nutt, in aid of the special anglers' prize to be given for the best sack of wheat, &c., at the flower, fruit, and vegetable show, shortly to be held there. It promises to be a splendid display, and deserves every encouragement.

GENERAL CHATTER.

How long, I wonder, will Londoners allow

the nearest access to Richmond Park for

vehicular traffic to remain closed all the year round? How long, too, will national feeling

be strong enough to sustain the

cost of the annual

management of the park?

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JACK ALLROUND.

"There's a quantity of green plums; can you tell me if they can be made into jam, and how it should be made, or is there a better way of using them?" writes "A. H." "Jessie" and "M. R. T." also ask for a recipe for plum jam. I should have been better pleased had my correspondents told me the sort of plums they wished to preserve. "Green" plums is a very vague description. Plums, be they purple or green, vary much in their quality as preserving fruit. Several of the green, as well as purple sorts, make excellent jam, the sweetest sorts requiring three-quarters of a pound of sugar to the pound of fruit, while others will need a pound of sugar to every pound of fruit. If the plums are large they should be divided and stoned, but small plums make a capital jam with the stones left in. In any case, for proportioning the sugar, the plums should be weighed before they are stoned. Let us suppose the plums to be preserved are large and sweet, three-quarters of a pound of sugar will therefore be sufficient to each pound of fruit. Divide the plums and stone them, but keep the stones. Put the fruit on to large dishes, and having roughly pounded the sugar sprinkle it well over them and let them so remain till next day. Next day crack the stones and take out the kernels. Put the plums into your preserving pan and set it by the fire to simmer gently for about half an hour, and then boil up briskly for about fifteen minutes, being careful to remove all scum as quickly as it rises, and above all, never cease to stir the jam, for plum jam is specially apt to burn at the bottom of the pan if not kept constantly on the move, and so the whole boiling is destroyed. Just a minute or two before you remove it from the fire put in the kernels, stirring them well through it. Most cooks consider one-half or even less than half of the kernels are sufficient to flavour the jam, but this is a matter of taste. The method of boiling the smaller stoned plums is exactly the same as the above, only that the fruit is put in whole. You should carefully select the fruit; as bruised or in any way injured plums should be put in the jam.

"A. J." writes to me:—"My fowls are very much troubled with vermin. I have used insect powder without success. Can you help me?" I could wish that my correspondent had told me how and where she keeps her fowls; I should like to know whether they have a large range for rambling about, or whether they are semi-prisoners in a wired-in run outside the fowl-house. If the latter be the case, it is essential they should have a good supply of loose dry mould or mould mixed with sifted ashes to swallow in and ruffle up their feathers, working the mould into their skins, and so cleansing themselves of vermin, after the natural manner of birds when so afflicted. This is a better remedy than any amount of insect powder so called, which, according to my experience, has no effect whatever, good, bad, or indifferent upon the hordes of insects of divers sorts that prey upon the premises or persons of man, beast, or bird. But further, the house your fowls roost in at night and lay in by day should receive a thorough cleaning now and again. Wash the walls, roof, floor—everywhere—with plenty of water and a good strong brush. Let it dry for a day, and then make a good lime whitewash, adding some powdered sulphur to the lime. Whitewash the inside of the house with this, going well into every hole and cranny. Then, for the fowls themselves, if you wish to give them some artificial assistance in the shape of a local application, as the doctors say, damp the skin with a moist sponge under the feathers, and then dust on powdered sulphur. In bad cases, where all other remedies fail, this has often succeeded. The fowls should have plenty of fresh air.

I am asked by "Bedford" for "the best way to make a dish for breakfast or supper of canned salmon." He also asks whether "tomatoes or onions could be used with it." As to "the best way" I cannot inform him. If I were to cite all the dozen dishes I might give, the chances are a different reader might claim each one of the dozen as "the best." Salmon krookies, or salmon quenelles, are excellent dishes that can be made from the tinned fish, and the one I give, which goes under the name of "salmon escalopes à la joliville," can be made with flakes of cold dressed salmon, whether you employ the tinned or the dressed fish. Into a saucepan put half a pint of milk and a small piece of every kind of flavouring vegetable you can get. Allow these to stand by the side of the fire for fifteen minutes to get out the flavour, then strain the milk from the vegetables. Now make a sauce with one ounce of melted butter, stir into that one ounce of flour and the half pint of flavoured milk. Secure some scallop shells or tins in shape of them, or a dish that will stand the fire, put some pieces of butter at the bottom, then a little of the sauce, then flakes of the cold cooked salmon, some more sauce, and so repeat till the dish is full, sprinkles over the top a layer of bread crumb, and a few pieces of butter, and put into the oven to brown.

MAGISTRATES AND PUBLICANS. An interesting point arose at the annual brewster sessions at Liskeard. Application was made for the renewal of the license of the Union Hotel, which had been transferred at the previous brewster sessions, but the house had been closed for some time on the magistrates declining a further transfer. After consultation at the present session, the mayor announced that the renewal of the Union license would be refused.—Mr. Venning, for applicant, said he hardly knew what their worship meant. He presumed there was a certain procedure to go through before the bench could refuse to renew a license. There had been no notice of objection. The Mayor: We must leave that to you. We consider we have the power of dealing with it, and will leave you to appeal.—Mr. Jones J.P. did not agree with his brother magistrate in the absence of notice of objection he felt that the case should have been adjourned.—The mayor, later, advised publicans at the next brewster sessions to take out six-day licenses, as he thought it monstrous that so many facilities for Sunday drinking should exist.

A WIFE'S ARRANGEMENTS. Among the applicants at the West London Police Court was a lady who resided in the district, who stated that she had a separation deed, and she allowed a woman who had three children by her husband £1 a week. She also allowed her husband £100 a year to keep away from her. The woman came to her house with her children, and sat on the steps annoying her.—Mr. Curtis Bennett said he never heard of a wife allowing a maintenance to a woman who was living in adultery with her husband.—In answer to the magistrate, the applicant said she paid the money by her own free will for them to keep away. She also complained of her husband returning to her house, and she wanted an order to turn him out.—Mr. Curtis Bennett said he could not turn her husband out of the house. She would have to take proceedings against her husband for a breach of the covenant in the deed.—Applicant: Can I get my husband turned out?—Mr. Curtis Bennett: Go to the solicitor who prepared the deed.—On the applicant leaving the court, the magistrate told her that she could leave her husband.

The head does not require to be washed more than every two or three weeks, and where dandruff is present a fine-tooth comb should never be used; it irritates the scalp and aggravates the ailment. I also find it difficult to impress upon my readers the close connection that exists between the various maladies that affect the hair and the general health of the sufferer. When the digestive organs are allowed to get out of order, the hair will assuredly, sooner or later, suffer for it. Sluggish circulation, dyspepsia, debility after illness, constitutional debility of many sorts and a host of lesser ailments affect the condition of the hair, and everything that improves the general health will tend to improve the scalp and strengthen and preserve the hair as well as prevent the accumulation of dandruff, and those who apply to me for local remedies need expect little success unless they attend to the all important matter of general health.

Of course, with the most robust health, un-junior habits may alone produce dandruff, and it is very necessary to keep the scalp in a healthy condition, especially for those who

live in cities where gas, smoke, and dust constantly pervade the air. But if when cleansing the scalp you leave it and the hair damp you are doing more harm than good by your ablations. One of the chief dangers of frequent washing of the head is the carelessness it induces about thoroughly drying before you have done with it. It would, in fact, be better to trust to your brush and a comb as a cleaner than leave the hair damp after washing. One of the commonest causes of dandruff settling in upon the scalp is carelessly dried hair. The hair ought to be washed occasionally, and to get rid of dandruff one of the best cleansers I know is the yolk of one or two eggs broken up and lathered well into the hair until you work it into a white foam all over with your hands, then wash it out with tepid water, and rub the head thoroughly dry with rough soft towels. A wash or shampoo stuff that answers some heads best of all is composed of the yolks of two or three eggs beaten up in a pint of lime water, to which is added about a tablespoonful of either whisky or gin. In some cases I have found that nothing gets rid of dandruff so well as Condy's fluid. Make a mixture of two tablespoonsfuls of the fluid to four tablespoonsfuls of the soap, and rub the head thoroughly with that at intervals of three or four days, at first, then of a week, then of two weeks, till you get rid of the annoyance, after which I recommend you to go back to the simple yolk of egg; it is more beneficial to the hair than any shampoo or sponge.

And the girl was warned of the broad bright sun.

Was told to be honest, good, and meek,

To wear a decent dress on her back,

Clothing warm in the winter bleak,

All ten shillings or so a week;

With "bum" and tawdry faces to be found.

But yet in this establishment,

Where girls were told to be content,

And on such pay to pay their rent.

The box for the poor was handed round.

And she who sat with fading cheek,

And yet with eyes and heart adame,

Looked up with a start and strove to speak;

But the words went back and the tears dropped came,

And fell upon the silken cloak.

She had made, and she cast it down.

And recklessly, passionately, she spoke,

In spite of the angry stare and frown.

"You bring the poor-box round," she said,

"The box of the poor to the gentle poor,

Who think and toil for their daily bread,

Worse than begging from door to door.

You ask me to give—how can I give?

Rents in the City are cruelly high;

It is all I can do to barely live,

And pass the weary tempting by.

Tis all I can do to pay for bread

And amongst good women hold up my head.

You pray to heaven and you preach

Of honour, woman's highest dowry,

Morality and truth you teach,

And give us twopenny for an hour—

An hour of weary slavery.

Oh! do the ladies ever dream,

When they smile in all this bravery,

Of the weary hands that sewed each seam?

Do they think of the tear that dimmed the gloss,

And the wild thoughts bred in the awful town?

And yet you tell us to wear the cross,

We look on women who sweep along

In silks and satins bought with wrong.

What strength have we to walk aright?

Some hearts on hunger can be strong,

But some are vanquished in the fight.

Oh! the struggle and work to pay!

The rent of a tiny garret floor,

While yet to such as we each day

You bring the box round for the poor."

Next week two weary hands the less

Were gone from out that wilderness

Of others toiling ceaselessly.

But no one knew where she had gone.

And as the long tired hours crept on

They envied her liberty.

But weeks went on, the never came,

At last forgotten was her name,

Like all who pass from sight and sound.

But still in that establishment,

Where girls were told to be content,

And on such pay to pay their rent.

The poor-box went its daily round.

THE POOR-BOX.

She sat in a row of hundred girls,
Her eyes were heavy, her face was thin—
It once had rivalled the hue of pearls.
But had faded now in the London dia.

Was a manicure-making establishment,

Where profit was held with an iron vice;

And men's morality was content

With paying virtue a starving price.

When women toiled for paltry dimes,

All for twopence an hour, or so,

And were expected to save their souls,

And dress well while they were here below.

Toiling, aching, day by day,

Weary work and wretched pay.

Yet there the prayers were daily read,

And words of advice or censure said.

And this girl was warned of the broad bright sun.

Was told to be honest, good, and meek,

To wear a decent dress on her back,

Clothing warm in the winter bleak,

All ten shillings or so a week;

With "bum" and tawdry faces to be found.

But yet in this establishment,

Where girls were told to be content,

And on such pay to pay their rent.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

POET AND DRAMATIST.

Born 1564. Died 1593.

Poor Marlowe!

Were it known in thy neglectful day

How England, ever slow to praise a son,

Did honour to thy name with lasting bay.

Some brother wit had surely been undone.

Yet breathed there one of that small gifted band,

Whose kindred soul appraised the mighty line,

And knew not in this latter age their land

Would mark thy place with some more fitting sign?

Nor he whose soul took primal fire of thee,

And soared to heights denied to thee by death:

And all that sequent voice of minstrelsy latent

That shaped its song from thy sweet latent breath.

So drop the veil that cloaks this wayward heart!

Let sore neglect for evermore atone;

For who is there can say in honest part,

"This man was nought—forbend we raise a stone!"

HERB DANIELS.

CHARGE OF DRUNKENNESS AGAINST A POSTMAN.

Frank T. Simmons, 31, a letter-carrier, was charged on remand, at the Marylebone Police Court, with being drunk and incapable. In the first instance, P.C. 191 S simply gave evidence of finding the accused in an area in Adamson-road, South Hampstead, at 10 o'clock at night, incapable, drunk, and taking him into custody. At the station, Mr. Taghe, the prisoner's overseer, found ten letters, three papers, and two parcels on the prisoner which should have been delivered. In reply to Mr. Franks Palmer, solicitor, who defended, the witness admitted that the prisoner had recently been unwell. Mr. Palmer, for the defence, said his client had been eighteen years in the service of the Post Office. On the evening in question he was ill and went to a little brandy to ease the pain. The prisoner was remanded by Mr. Lushington. When next before the court, Sir John Bridge was informed that during the remand the prisoner had been ill again. A policeman, who had known the prisoner for ten years and gave him an excellent character. He saw Simmons a short time before he was arrested, and the latter then complained of being unwell. A further remand was ordered to inquire as to the alleged illness. Mr. Palmer, on the last occasion produced a certificate from the medical man attached to the Post Office, stating that the prisoner was sick and unfit for duty.—Mr. Owen Cecil Bennett, son of the vicar of St. Paul's, Adamson-road, said the prisoner delivered letters at his father's house on the night in question. Witness opened the door and found the prisoner sitting on a wall by the side of the door. He appeared to be sober, and said he had no more letters for witness. The door was closed, and shortly afterwards a heavy thud was heard, and on witness going out he saw the prisoner had fallen down into the area. A policeman (191 S) was sent for to take the man to the hospital, and in the officer's presence surgeon had ordered the accused into the infirmary and had strapped up his side, where the pain was felt the most. He called a tradesman, who had known the prisoner for ten years and gave him an excellent character. He saw the prisoner a short time before he was arrested, and the latter then complained of being unwell. A further remand was ordered to inquire as to the alleged illness. Mr. Palmer, on the last occasion produced a certificate from the medical man attached to the Post Office, stating that the prisoner was sick and unfit for duty. The prisoner was remanded by Mr. Lushington. When next before the court, Sir John Bridge was informed that during the remand the prisoner had been ill again. A policeman, who had known the prisoner for ten years and gave him an excellent character. He saw the prisoner a short time before he was arrested, and the latter then complained of being unwell. A further remand was ordered to inquire as to the alleged illness. Mr. Palmer, on the last occasion produced a certificate from the medical man attached to the Post Office, stating that the prisoner was sick and unfit for duty. The prisoner was remanded by Mr. Lushington. When next before the court, Sir John Bridge was informed that during

LAST WEEK'S POLICE.

City Summons Court.

THE ANARCHIST AND THE POLICEMAN.—Edward Leggett, a constable, was summoned for causing an obstruction with his force of men in Cheapside, and further with using abusive language to P.C. 522.—The defendant, who wore a large red handkerchief round his neck, and was decorated with a red rosette upon his left breast, pleaded guilty to the first charge, but not the second.—The constable formally proved the obstruction, and said when he spoke to defendant he used very abusive language, and would not move for some time.—The defendant gave his version of the affair. He said: "I was going down Cheapside to Milk-street, and was blocked by an omnibus. The constable came up, and, without asking anything about it, said to me, 'Pull out of the way, I asked who he was speaking to, and he replied 'You.' I then said, 'You are my servant; I pay for your clothes; I feed you and buse you.' The constable said, 'I shall take your name, and summons you.' I said, 'I care nothing for you or your corrupt corporation, who rob the poor to live, steals the charities for turtle soup, and swears the poor.' The slave in me consists of calling him 'my servant.'—Alderman Renals: You will for the obstruction have to pay a fine of £4, and 2d costs, and I'll let you off by paying the costs for the abusive language.—The Defendant: I am an Anarchist, and have had no voice in making the law. You (turning to the alderman and other officials) are my servants.—Alderman Renals: Unless you go out quietly I shall have you charged with contempt of court.

Bow-street.

Post Office Prosecution.—James H. T. Spike, a postman employed at Ley, Kent, was charged with stealing a test letter containing a postal order for £3, and some marked coins.—Mr. H. Goss, from the solicitor's department of the General Post Office, said it appeared that, owing to the number of letters that had been missed passing through the district in question, suspicion was attached to the prisoner. A test letter was placed with others for the prisoner to deliver. This was not done, and subsequently one of the coins bearing a private mark was found to have been cashed by him at a public-house. He was accordingly interviewed by Mr. Edwards, of the confidential inquiry department, to whom he admitted his guilt. He was given into the custody of P.C. Beck, and was committed for trial.

Westminster.

VIOLENT SCENE IN BROMPTON ORATORY.—George E. Myers, 45, described as an amateur artist, residing at Girdler's-road, West Kensington, was charged with wilfully disturbing and annoying the congregation at the Brompton Oratory, and with threatening the Rev. Sebastian Bowden, the superior.—The new gentleman deposed that he had known Mr. Myers for at least ten years; formerly he was a large contractor and ironmaster. That day, at half-past 11, witness was proceeding in his surplice to the chapel where he heard confessions, when the defendant came towards him in a very excited condition and brandished a stick in his face.—Defendant (excitedly): Oh, no! You are quite wrong. But if I offended you I apologize.—Witness, ignoring the interruption, went on to say that defendant continued to follow him, menacing him with a stick, and that he said something about "custody" and other words which were not understood.—Mr. Sheil: He threatened you?—Witness: Oh, yes, with his stick. I tried to persuade him to go away, but he would not do so, even when the verger was fetched.—Defendant, still labouring under intense excitement, said that was the man who broke his leg two years ago. His (accused) used to be a brother at the Oratory, and he was invited to go there by one of the priests.—Mr. Sheil asked if he was right in his mind.—Father Bowden replied that he thought not. Many times the defendant had been guilty of most violent behaviour in the church, and made great disturbances, but he had never been charged till that day. They could not overlook it any longer.—Mr. Sheil told the defendant that he should demand him for his friends to be communicated with and for a doctor to examine him.

West London.

ALLEGED CONSPIRACY TO BURNAR A SITUATION.—John Beaumont, a barman, whose address was given in Kempshoe-road, Albany-road, was charged with conspiring with another man now in custody to give a false reference, by which he obtained a situation with Mr. Robert Stockham, landlord of the Red Lion, St. Ann's-road, Notting Hill. It appeared from the information that in July last the prosecutor, who was desirous of obtaining a barman, answered an advertisement and saw the prisoner the next day. He represented that he had been in the service of Mr. Hawkins of the Sun, Clare Market, and left a fortnight previously through the house changing hands. In consequence of the receipt of a letter, the prosecutor went to the Victoria Tavern, Buckingham Palace-road, where he saw a man who was introduced to him as Mr. Hawkins. Receiving a good character of the prisoner from that person, prosecutor engaged him and he entered his service. On the 13th of August the prisoner left his situation without notice, and subsequently the prosecutor had an interview with Mr. Hawkins, who was not the same person who had given the character, and ascertained that he had not been in his service since May, when he left the Sun public-house. It also appeared that the prosecutor, on taking stock, missed some representing the value of £17.—Mr. Curtis Bennett remanded the prisoner on bail.

North London.

DREADFUL ASSAULT ON A WIFE.—Joseph Warren, 45, painter, of Milton Grove, Holloway, was charged, on a warrant, with violently assaulting his wife Alice.—The poor woman presented a shocking appearance. Her head was bandaged and her face cut out. Her arms were greatly bruised, and she said that the bruises extended all over her body. She told the magistrate that she had been married twenty-two years, and had seven children living. During the whole of their married life she had been brutally ill-treated by the prisoner, but she never charged him. On Tuesday he came home in the evening, and because his tea was not ready he seized the youngest child, 2 years old, and threw him into the fire. The child fortunately fell on a spring mattress and was unharmed. Because she remonstrated the prisoner turned up her in great fury, knocked her down, and kicked her in the face and all over the body. She was unable to live with prisoner any longer, as he not only frequently assaulted her, but he left her without money. Her children were then at home, without bread.—The prisoner said that his wife flew at him like a tiger and tore his clothes to pieces. In the struggle she fell down among the chairs.—Warrant-officer Bradford said he arrested the prisoner, and he said then, "This is the outcome of her fearful drinking."—In reply to the magistrate, the officer said that the neighbours gave the woman a bad name.—Mr. Horace Smith: That is another matter. She is very considerably bruised.—The prisoner was remanded for a week on bail.

A UNNAMED BARMAN.—Alfred Hutchings, 26, waiter, was charged with stealing mace-

oney belonging to his employer, William Lovett, landlord of the "Harrow," Harrow-on-Hill.—The prisoner, it was stated, had been in the employ of Mr. Lovett only one week, and in consequence of the taking falling off about 10s. a day, he caused some money to be marched (which Detective-sergeant Walter Tapscott did), and passed over the bar to the prisoner and others. The prosecutor actually saw the prisoner put money into his pocket instead of into the till, and then the police were called in and the prisoner searched. Two of the marched coins were found in his possession, and then he was given into custody.—He was sentenced to two months' hard labour.

Marylebone.

A SOLICITOR AND HIS MARY.—Thomas Sampson, described as a solicitor of Springfield-road, Willesden, appeared to answer an adjourned summons of being 16s. in arrears, due to Theodore Davis, formerly Head of 28, Harrow-road, under a bastardy order made in 1884.—The complainant nearly 47s., but she could only claim nearly 47s., which covered the previous six months.—The complainant, in reply to a question, was telling the magistrate what money she had received from the defendant, when Mr. Sampson said: Now, you be careful.—Complainant: Yes; and you be careful.—(Laughter).—The Defendant: How do you make out your claim for 46 16s.?—Complainant: Because you haven't paid me.—Mr. Sampson: For how long?—Complainant: For years.—Defendant: Haven't you received money weekly for years past?—Complainant: Well, one or two shillings a week.—Continuing her evidence, the complainant said she had not brought the husband there as a witness.—Defendant: Why have you notice to do so?—He knew I have paid money.—Defendant: Well, he could not afford to leave his work for you.—The Magistrate (to defendant): Do you admit owing anything?—Defendant: Not one farthing. I want an adjournment.—Complainant: Oh, yes; but what about the money? Time's going on.—Defendant: I am surprised, sir, and I want an adjournment. I've deposited a sovereign in court, not of course, to cover arrears because I owe none.—Complainant: What do you want to pay a sovereign for these?—The Defendant: You have heard of people "blackmailing"; that is what is being attempted here.—The Magistrate: Confine your remarks to your own case.—The defendant protested at having inquiries with a view to the recovery of the property.—The prisoner was remanded.

Southwark.
A CONTRARIWISE.—John Newberry, 21, described as a fitter, was charged with committing a brutal assault on Alfred Simmonds.—The prosecutor, who bore severe marks of violence on the head and face, said that he was an "unfortunate" and for two years had lived with the prisoner, who did very little work, and for the last seven months she had maintained him and provided him with money.—He treated her with such great brutality that she was obliged to leave him three weeks ago. On the previous night she was walking down Newington Causeway when the fellow came up to her and demanded of his lodgings and supper. She told him she had no money, and she had the world not begin supplying him again. He then struck her a violent blow between the eyes, followed by others on the sides of the face; her teeth were all loosened, and subsequently when she was taken to Gray's Inn Hospital her jaw had to be strapped up.—Dr. Jacob, acting divisional surgeon, said the jaw was injured by severe blows, but the forearm was not fractured.—Mr. Glode said the prisoner was a low, mean, ill-conditioned fellow, and sentenced him to two months' hard labour.

Lambeth.

ALLEGED VIOLENT ASSAULT.—William Staples, 28, labourer, was charged with violently assaulting William Coulson by striking him a severe blow on the face with his fist.—P.C. 240 L stated that shortly before 1 o'clock that morning he heard cries of "Police" proceeding from the direction of Lambeth Walk. He went there and found the prosecutor lying on the pavement, bleeding from the head and mouth, and in an insensible condition. Witness asked who had done it, and the prisoner, who was close by, said, "struck him when he attempted to kick me." Striking the condition of the prosecutor, at once he had him removed to St. Thomas's Hospital.—The house-surgeon, Mr. Griffin, said the prosecutor was unable to get him to allow it to be placed on their load. He refused this, too, and went to fetch the silk. When he got there he found it was not to hand, and afterwards he was told it could not be found.—The prisoners were remanded.

SERIOUS ASSAULT ON A WOMAN.—Albert Wopke, 19, was charged with assaulting Harriet Jones outside the Stainsby Arms at Poplar.—The prosecutor said that on Friday night she and a "lady friend" saw the prisoner and a "gentleman friend" outside the Stainsby Arms. They were eating sandwiches. The prisoner asked her where she was going. She replied that it was no business of his, when he struck her on the eye, making it bleed. She did not strike him at all.—P.C. 167 K, stated that he saw the blow, and took the prisoner into custody. Prisoner said nothing as to having been struck first. Immediately afterwards the constable admitted that prisoner complained of being first struck by an umbrella. This drew from Mr. Dickinson an admonition to let the bench have the whole truth.—The lady friend and "gentleman friend" now gave evidence, as well as the manager of the public-house, but their statements were conflicting.—The prisoner was fined 40s. and costs.

Worship-street.

SMASHING A WINDOW.—Eliza Humphries, 19, laundress, of Old Nichol-street, Shoreditch, was charged with maliciously breaking a plate glass window, value 2d 10s., the property of Martin Thomas, landlord of the White Hart Tavern, High-street, Whitechapel.—William Thompson, barman to the prosecutor, gave evidence, showing that about half-past 11 on Friday night the woman created a disturbance in the house and was put out. From the outside she smashed the large window, and when Alfred Coleman, potman, went out she was running away.—P.C. 52 H.R. caught her, and found that she had severely cut one hand, and was, as he said, "smothered in blood." The prisoner was ordered to pay the damage and a fine of 10s., or suffer a month's imprisonment.—Shearid, "All right, I'll do the month."

A DASTARDLY ASSAULT.—James Roberts, 24, labourer, of Hereford-place, New Cross, was charged with assaulting Alfred Wm. Mann, manager of the Red Lion Distillery, Whitechapel-road.—The evidence of the prosecutor showed that the prisoner and another man were disorderly in the house at 11 o'clock on Friday night, and refused to leave. The prisoner broke a drinking glass, and then, when the prosecutor got over the counter to eject him deliberately struck him in the forehead with the broken glass.—This evidence was corroborated by that of two other witnesses, who said that the prisoner broke the glass purposely, and having struck the prosecutor with the broken stem, asked whether she pleaded guilty or not, indignantly said, "No, I have not tasted drink for fourteen months"—P.C. Calvert, 423 S, whose evidence was repeatedly interrupted by the prisoner's denial, said on Friday afternoon he was in the market place, East Finchley, and saw the prisoner lying in a field. Upon going to her he found she was drunk, and the moment she saw him she began to use abusive language, and said she was not going away for such a — as him.—Prisoner: Oh! I never used such language in my life. He pinched my arm to try and make me make a noise, but I would not. I can show you my arm now, black and blue where he pinched me. He used the bad language going to the station to make me swear. The other constable said to Calvert, "What are you taking her for?" and said, "Let her under the chin." He had not said a word to

"I don't know why I'm here.—P.C. 222" I was ordered to go to the drunks, and the bad language.—The prisoner here went upon her knees in the dock, and clasping her hands began to pray, and then said, "God is good, and there is a judgment after this." She then got up, and said she went into the field to take off a wet petticoat. She was going to Barnet Fair, as she had not go to work, as it was wet. All she had that day was two shillings worth of tea and some coffee, and some bread at the Black Rose coffee-tavern, Finchley.—She joined the Gospel Temperance Union fourteen months ago, and had not had any drink since.—Inveralt said he was "low of money." He was going to Barnet Fair, as he did not go to work, as it was wet. All he had that day was two shillings worth of tea and some bread at the Black Rose coffee-tavern, Finchley.—He spoke of taking his life and threatening to drown himself. Witness thought that he was troubled because of "clinking of teeth." He was "low of money." On Wednesday he was excited and was selling his wares at less than they cost him.

Phyllis Dymock said that she saw the deceased on the 26th ult. He was not drunk.—Mr. Glover remanded the accused.—Prisoner, as she was being removed, said, "I hope the Lord will overtake you (the police) before to-morrow."

A VIOLENT MURDER.—John Eccles, 20, a pensioner in the Army, St. Clement's-dock, Bermondsey, was charged with being a wandering lunatic.—The prisoner presented a disjointed appearance. He is a tall, well-built man, suddenly bursting, and during the whole time of the hearing kept his head upon his hands upon the dock rail.—Acting-sergeant Joseph Morris stated that ten minutes after the hearing he saw the George hostess that morning for lighting.—Prisoner: I do not know much about the place. I worked in the Tower for four years, and have never been changed before. It was not drunk.—Mr. Glover remanded the accused.—Prisoner, as she was being removed, said, "I hope the Lord will overtake you (the police) before to-morrow."

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THE LADY AND HER LODGER.

At Westminster Police Court, Mr. De Buteon resumed the hearing of the singular charge against John Eustace Denman, a well-dressed man described as a surgeon-debtors of robbing Mrs. Jane Mabel Stone, a widow and his landlady, of a Bank of England £200 note. Mr. Blanchard Wontner prosecuted; and Mr. T. D. Dutton appeared for the prisoner. Complainant lived at 4 Sloane Terrace, Chelsea. Defendant with whom she said she had been for years on friendly terms, also resides there. On the 4th ult. he accompanied her to a law office to liquidate a bill of sale on her furniture, and it is alleged took from her hand a £200 note. She said she made repeated appeals to the man to restore it to her without avail, and the evidence went to show that the next day he changed it at a restaurant. Last week the prosecutor was very much distressed at the line of cross-examination adopted as to her relations with the prisoner, and she was violently hysterical when she left the witness-box. She was now further cross-examined. She deposed that the value of her furniture on which she obtained a bill of sale was about £200. She denied that at the time she obtained a sum of £200 from Mr. Blanchard on her furniture it was already mortgaged for a like amount to the loan office.—"Saint Hypocrite," they called me in the Convent of Le Sainte Union des Sacres Coeurs," said Miss Golding, "simply because they could not understand my sincerity. I used to say to some of the sisters, 'There are the rules; why do you not observe them?' Ah, you hypocrite, replied they. That taunt came from the favoured ones, for the lady superior has strong preferences; but among others, I was called 'Saint' because they said I was so patient. They could not understand a woman putting up with even greater indignities than they did, for truly their lives were a misery. It is a custom in such convents for the commonest, coarsest, most brutal woman to be appointed Lady Superior that she may tyrannise over the girls who are of gentle birth and breeding. 'My sister, you must think of death,' that is the constant and dolorous advice given to the nuns by those in authority. Every hour of the day you are told to be

A STORY OF CONVENT LIFE.

Miss Golding, the nun who made her escape from a French convent, with the aid of a London solicitor, more than a week ago, was waited upon by a correspondent, in order that, at her own request, the reasons for the extraordinary course she had taken might be made public. As Miss Golding herself put it, "I know there will be misrepresentations about my conduct. I am already told that Parisian papers are making grave charges against me, and I think it fairer, and braver, and juster to myself that the facts should come out first hand." Miss Golding looks ill and wan. Her hair, iron grey, is drawn back from her forehead with the simplicity of the nun. The veins stand out prominently from the temple; the skin is yellow, the flesh shrivelled; and the face bears all the signs of prolonged asceticism.—"Saint Hypocrite," they called me in the Convent of Le Sainte Union des Sacres Coeurs," said Miss Golding, "simply because they could not understand my sincerity. I used to say to some of the sisters, 'There are the rules; why do you not observe them?' Ah, you hypocrite, replied they. That taunt came from the favoured ones, for the lady superior has strong preferences; but among others, I was called 'Saint' because they said I was so patient. They could not understand a woman putting up with even greater indignities than they did, for truly their lives were a misery. It is a custom in such convents for the commonest, coarsest, most brutal woman to be appointed Lady Superior that she may tyrannise over the girls who are of gentle birth and breeding. 'My sister, you must think of death,' that is the constant and dolorous advice given to the nuns by those in authority. Every hour of the day you are told to be

KNOW TO DR.

"When I was ill once, I was left alone in my bed a whole day and night, and never a hand was raised to succour me. I was told to prepare for the end. When I faintly replied that if I died my private means would be left to my relatives, for I had willed it so, they brought me grapes, wine, and all manner of delicacies, in order to keep me alive, so that they might change my mind about the money. It is work, work, work, all day, and in a way which people in the outer world cannot have any conception of. You are obliged to say prayers for hours, and these you have to repeat while you are teaching your pupils in the school. If you do not say them you are punished. When school is over you have to scrub floors, wash linen, iron, cook, make the beds; it is labour, nothing but labour. If you disobey, you are punished. Punishment consists in what is called 'bare throat.' Some decoction is given you in your food, you do not know when or where, and this is continued. Your throat gets parched, the next day you are feverish, the following day dysentery, the cold settles on your lungs, you take bed, and then you are told to prepare for death. 'All the sisters die in this convent between 30 and 40,' say the priests. 'Oh, we never live after forty here,' say the sisters; and with almost all who die consumption is in the case. You see the nuns going about with

DREAD STAMPED ON THESE FACES.

I said to one sister, 'Why don't you rest?' 'Oh, I must work, work,' replied she. That night she went to her little bed; without saying a word, she drew the curtains, and in a few hours was found dead. Nobody cared. Another sister was teaching her scholars. 'Make haste little ones,' said she, 'gather your things together.' Then she fell back dead at her desk, never finishing her sentence. These are but examples. Many times I was made ill for refusing to do work which I told them I was literally too weak to do. I taught in one convent forty-eight children English, forty-eight music, thirty singing, twelve drawing every day. For my teaching the convent received £200 a week in payments from parents—£1,000 a year for twenty-five years. I never received a penny during the whole of that period. I have a private income of £45 a year. The convent took every farthing of it, and when I left, a little over a week ago, I had not a penny in the world till my next interest was due. When I entered my first convent they took my gold watch and chain from me, and gave me a steel one. When I left my last 'congregation' I walked to the village in a torn old petticoat and ragged bodice. Those were the only clothes I had. My watch has not been returned, nor has any of my money been refunded. For the time being I was destitute. Besides teaching I had to scrub, wash, clean, and cook. During holidays they made me into a charwoman. Food was poor, not nourishing. If you asked for more you were reprimanded. 'What?' said the superior, 'you want to eat what we work for,' although at that time I was teaching all those scholars. Then there is the madhouse. When I asked to be allowed to go away, and to be given money enough to travel home, the lady superior said 'Are you

UNDER AN ILLUSION:

Your mind is affected. We shall have to put you somewhere.' I asked 'Where?' She smiled cynically. Other sisters looked askance. Then she remarked, 'We know where.' This made me morbid. I inquired of a sister what they could mean. She said, 'The madhouse is—or to another place.' 'Where is that?' 'Ah, you will know soon enough,' she said: 'A sister is nearly dead there now.' As another punishment you are forbidden to attend prayers. You have to sit isolated; you become a 'black sheep.' I will relate an instance of the mysterious influence of the place. When my brother-in-law came to see me I felt compelled to say, 'I am not disposed to say yes.' I was dying to leave. I was not permitted to shake hands with him. I was painting caco in the garden, the Lady Superior snatched my colour box from me, made me stand up, and then dung me several yards down the path. When my money interest arrived it used to be bungled before me and then locked up. 'Wouldn't you like it, oh, but you will never get it; you will do,' said an elder sister. Spies are everywhere. When I posted the letter to my solicitor, a child went and informed the Lady Superior. It is a terrible life. Now I regret that I have wasted my youth and early middle age in it, and I have determined to get out alive, and I have done so, you see."

PREVENTING A RIOT:

At Arrowe, Kent.

A propos of the most little device adopted by the authorities at Eastbourne to prevent further riot by swearing in doubtful characters as special constables, a correspondent recalls a similar thing which was successfully done in a large Midland town five years ago. Public ferment reached a very disturbing point at election time, and on one occasion a heroic outbreak than usual was anticipated. The police selected two or three hundred men from whom most mischief was to be apprehended, and these were duly sworn in as special constables, pledging themselves to loyal exertion for the maintenance of the public peace. On the fatal day they were marshalled inside the police barracks at the Town Hall, and there filed with substantial coats and soothsaying refreshments. It was artificially suggested to them that the masterly idea of the authorities was to keep them in reserve for an emergency, and this, with the discreet treatment already alluded to, had its effect. No riot occurred, and there was a considerable amount of subsequent laughter at the result.

An important seizure of arms and ammunition has been made on the right bank of the Bojana, in Montenegro territory. The munitions seized comprised 220 rifles, 270 revolvers, 136,000 cartridges and 105,000 caps, which were found concealed in a secret store belonging to the Malishev, the frontier tribe which has lately been causing some

SUFFERINGS OF EMIGRANTS.

A Southampton correspondent gives an account of the sufferings of the returned emigrants from Argentina. He says—in an interview Mrs. Sheppard said that on February 18th last the last Bradford accompanied by her husband and seven children. They went from Liverpool to the Pacific Steam Navigation Company's steamer *Sorata*. After a passage of twenty-one days they reached Rio, and two days later Santos, where they went to the Emigrants' Home, which was an old theatre. As many as 1,000 people were there, all foreigners, and they all slept together on straw mattresses. In the yard, having to run inside the building for shelter when it rained, they found "niggers" and mud huts with mud floors covered with ant-hills. For three weeks their provisions consisted of bread, rice, and water. During the first week the lost her baby, eight months old. They walked five miles with a bullock-cart, whilst the dead baby was put into a little box and carried to a cemetery at Rio Paulo. From the latter place they found an English gentleman, who helped them, whilst they sold their goods and begged for money to get to St. Paulo. They remained there a single room. It was four months after leaving England before they were enabled to get a bed at all. Her husband being determined to come home, went to the council at Santos, and he offered to send the woman and three little girls home. She also spoke of the kindness of the officers of the Royal mail steamer *Trent*, who also assisted her to bring two of her little sons home. The tale of Mrs. Travers of Dublin, was much worse. She left Dublin on February 1st last with her husband and five children, but on Sunday she landed at Southampton with only two children, her husband and three children having died. They left Liverpool, she said, by the same line as Mrs. Sheppard, having a free passage. On arrival at Rio they were put into hospital for five days. They had a very hard time of it. The time came for them to go, but she said that she was too ill to move. However, ten families were made to go, including her own, and they went to St. Paulo, and got received into the emigrants' home, which was a fearfully dirty place, and there were worms in the food. They were all afterwards driven like sheep into a corn shed to sleep, afterwards going up the mountain, where the men had got to work. Her baby was dying, and she went to the Italian master and asked for some milk for the infant, but he threw her downstairs. The baby died in convulsions at 3 o'clock the next morning, and was to have been buried in a piece of calico, but she would not have this, and got a box with a great hole in it. After the body was put into it she broke a piece off another box to cover the hole, her husband afterwards walking five miles to the cemetery and burying it. They went back to St. Paulo, where they remained for four months, afterwards returning to Santos. She nursed her next child, aged 2 years, at the breast for a fortnight to keep it alive. At Santos the British consul gave them some money. On the following Tuesday she was taken ill with the yellow fever, and on Saturday, August 13th, her next baby died, on the 16th her husband died, and on the 18th another little boy, aged 3 years, followed. She was then sent to hospital, where she remained for nine days, afterwards having to leave, her berth being required for some one else. The poor woman stated that they were all served alike, whilst one woman had to bury her baby under a hedge. She is a native of Blackrock, county Dublin. All these poor people appear to have suffered the same hardships, and are delighted to be once more in England.

A SMART CHASE.

An exciting chase in the Ipswich streets the other morning after two men, who were alleged to have been "ringing the changes" at the Rose and Crown, St. Peter's, had an abrupt termination. It is asserted that the parties had succeeded in the swindle at the above-named inn, and had attempted to repeat it at the King's Arms Hotel the same night, but that upon the appearance of some from St. Peter's they disappeared suddenly. They lodged for the night in Wolsey-street, Commercial-road, and next morning were told by a cabman named Brown that the police were on their track. They went at a rapid rate, Brown following in pursuit. In the neighbourhood of St. Mary Elms, Brown met Mr. Urton, ironmonger, of the Butter Market, or horseback, who took up the chase. After a smart run, the men, who had dropped a bag at the corner of Dilly-street, cleared a wall in Elliston-street, and dashed into a house in Gibbons-street, which proved to be the home of Police-constable Kinnell. The constable had been on duty all night, and had come downstairs in his nether garments for a cup of tea to relieve rheumatism. He promptly informed the business of the visitors, and as their answers were unsatisfactory, detained them against the wall. Meanwhile, P. S. Garrison and P. C. Osborne, having heard a rumor that two men had broken into a house in the neighbourhood, described a rapid circuit in a cab, and meeting Mr. Urton, who was in search of assistance, quickly came to the relief of Kinnell. The strangers, who gave the names of William Thompson and Charles Thompson, commission agents, were found in a cab to the police station, where they were charged with larceny by means of a trick. The bag only contained clothes and a newspaper.

A FOX IN CHURCH.

A Paris correspondent relates a curious story of the intrusion of a fox in the Church of the Sacred Heart at Montmartre. He says that in the middle of the night the worshippers were terribly frightened at hearing a most unaccountable noise issuing from under the principal altar. They approached with their lanterns, and were yet more terrified on seeing what their imaginations transformed into some strange beast jump on the altar, overthrowing several of the candlesticks, and then disappearing in the darkness. They sought all night to discover the whereabouts of the strange animal, but could find no trace of it. They were firmly convinced it was a supernatural apparition, but it was discovered in the morning that several fowls belonging to one of the priests had been killed in a hen roost. The fox—for it seems to have been nothing more nor less—was captured in an outhouse.

A VIOLENT PRISONER.

At Rowley, Staffordshire, great excitement was created in the police-court by the extraordinary conduct of a man, named James Bloomer, who described himself as a professor of music. Upon entering the court he declined to remove his hat, and attacked several police officers, including the superintendent, and declared he would "do Charlie Peace with them." He kicked and fought like a madman, and the superintendent's coat was torn from the neck to the waist. Subsequently he was brought before the magistrates, and sentenced to one month's hard labour, without the option of a fine, for his conduct in the court.—The prisoner remarked that he should swing for policeman

THE PARNELL PARTY AND MR. GLADSTONE.

At the forthcoming meeting of the National League, the chairman, Mr. Macdonald, M.P., referred to Mr. Gladstone's recent article of "Electoral Facts," which he thought, should have been entitled "Electoral Fancies." Mr. Gladstone had for the most part left Ireland out of his calculations, although in making his calculation for the 1885 election he appeared to have included the Irish vote (Hear). He wanted to know who had been maintaining the flag of nationality in Ireland since the split began. Had it been the gentleman who declared that the only platform they had was to do the best for Ireland? The truth was that beneath the apparently calm exterior of Mr. Gladstone there lurked a secret hatred of Mr. Parnell, which was not worthy of so great and eminent a politician. Mr. Gladstone also stated that whenever the muscle had been removed from the mouth of Ireland she had declared against Mr. Parnell. But who had placed the muzzle on it? Was the gentleman who said, "You must vote as I do, or as I tell you, or it will be the worse for you, here or somewhere else" (Hear, hear)? One of the curious statements made by Mr. T. M. Healy at the recent meeting of the federation was that there were not more than twenty-one Parnellites in West Belfast. (Laughter.) He had been in Belfast when Mr. Parnell filled the Ulster Hall, and if there were only twenty-one Parnellites in the town now, there was only one way in which the numbers had been reduced. Dr. M'Alister told the people of the diocese that they would be almost refused the sacraments if they voted for Mr. Parnell or any of his friends; and what was more, a number of clergymen in Belfast had carried out that policy. (Cries of "Shame.") Did the followers of Mr. Parnell in Room No. 13 know that the terrible ecclesiastical intimidation would be carried out throughout the country? Did they know that priests would act as personation agents at various elections? Did they know that the people would be told, as they had been in the chapel at Carlow, that if they voted for Mr. Parnell's candidate they might go to some other communion? (Cries of "Shame.") Could the followers of Mr. Parnell force all these things? Another event of importance that had occurred since the last meeting of the league was the meeting of the shareholders of the *Fremantle*. That fight was not yet over; it would be renewed on the 21st inst. Why was the amateur meeting in the Phoenix Park a magnificent demonstration? Because Dublin had been freed from ecclesiastical influence. (Cheers.) That meeting had impressed him with the thought that there was being laid the basis of a new party—a party infinitely braver, infinitely freer from all unworthy influences than any party that had gone before it, and having for its watchwords, "Freedom of election," "civil and religious liberty," and above all that glorious and imperishable maxim, "Ireland a nation." (Loud cheers.)—Mr. Coffey, Mr. Harrington, and Mr. Haviland Burke also addressed the meeting.

DEATH ON THE TREADMILL.

At P. W. Lynn's Westcott held an inquest at Pontaville Prison on the body of William J. Wiggen, 32, who was admitted to the jail on the August 23rd, having been sentenced to one month's imprisonment with hard labour for neglecting to maintain his wife and family, and who died suddenly on September 4th in the treadmill or "wheel" house of the prison.—In reply to the coroner, the widow said her husband was really never sober. The last money she received from him was on the 14th of June, when he left her and their two children, aged 5 and 2 respectively, in the street.—Charles Evans, warden in charge of the wheel-house, said that shortly after 4 on the 4th inst. the deceased dropped from the wheel on to the platform, a distance of 3 ft. 6 in., and he would have fallen again had he not been caught by Warder Chambers as he staggered. He was seated on a stool, and immediately given water, which he drank, and when more water was offered him he fell back, was gently laid upon the floor, and expired within a few minutes, before the doctor could arrive. His work was the treadmill, and he had never complained of faintness or illness, and was, so far as could be judged from his external appearance, a healthy man as there was in the place. The hours of work on the wheel were from 9.45 to 11.45 a.m. and from 1.45 to 3.15 p.m., the intervening time being allowed for dinner. Prisoners continued on the wheel a quarter of an hour, and then rested five minutes. The deceased had rested seven times before he dropped from the wheel. One hundred and fifty-six prisoners were at work in the wheel-house on Friday.—Warder Chambers corroborated this evidence.—Dr. Edward I. Cohen, deputy medical officer of the gaol, said that he thoroughly examined the deceased on his admission, as the rules required, but failed to detect any indication of disease. Wiggen told him he was a labourer, and "used to hard work." A post mortem examination revealed that death was due to syncope, consequent upon the commencement of fatty degeneration of the heart.—The jury found a verdict in accordance with the medical testimony.

EXTRAORDINARY LETTER FROM DALY.

It is reported by the Limerick friends of the Birmingham dynamiter, Daly, that he has written the following letter to a relative in America. The convict is at Portland. He thus refers to his brother, who died recently: "To you he was the kindest and most loving of fathers; to me he was a true and loyal brother. We differed in some ways, but there was one thing on which we were always united—that was the desire to serve our country, even at the risk of our lives. The last time we were together was in Birmingham. That was the time he took home that doll to you, which was afterwards 'arrested' in Limerick and 'beheaded' by the police. We used to laugh at the little boy detectives following me about the streets, and wonder what it all meant and what was their game, little dreaming what a dastardly plot they were weaving around me. The thought of that and his powerlessness to help must have contributed towards his death. Our relative position now suggests many things that I would like to convey to you. But I am strong in the belief that I will be able to whisper them into your ear before very long. I am satisfied that our friends in Limerick and elsewhere will do all that is in their power before Parliament assembles to secure our release. You are aware that I had two interviews with Mr. Edmund, M.P. But I am anxiously looking out for an answer. I have been from day to day expecting Mr. Edmund's release to take place, and I am much disappointed that it hasn't. Oh, my imprisonment, I think, would be as nothing if we were restored to his home and his wife. Of the kindness of the people of Limerick to the children of my dead brother, what can I say? Nothing, simply nothing. My heart is too full for words. May God bless them, and I hope the day is not far distant when I will be able to convey to them the gratitude I feel for the loving kindness to those that are dear to me."

The people in the neighbourhood interested in the preservation for the public use of the Norfolk Broads are making as strenuous an effort, though by different means, as the inhabitants about Inverness to maintain their supposed rights.

THE ALLEGED WATCH FRAUDS.

At the Thames Police Court, Samuel B. Heidenreich, 46, described as a general merchant, of 5, Ashwin-street, Dalston, was charged, on remand, with conspiring and combining with Libe Broek, not in custody, with obtaining a large quantity of watches worth upwards of £2,000, from the Waterbury Watch (Sales) Company, Limited. There were also a number of other charges against the accused, in which persons, it was stated, had been defrauded of some thousands of pounds.—Sidney Maurice Benjamin, a clerk, to the Whitch Jet Association, 17, Hatton Garden, said the firm carried on business as wholesale jewellers. Witness sometimes made entries in the day-book. They had a bookkeeper named Maidas, who had been there six to eight weeks. On the 27th July a Mr. Warner, a manager of the company, was now in Antwerp, and Mr. Phillips (also a manager) was in Italy. Both left about three weeks ago. Witness had been absent from the office, for a fortnight, but on the 25th and 27th July he was there. On the 27th July he found an entry in the purchase journal in Mr. Dubois' handwriting relative to the "Waterbury Watches account. Credit, by goods, 27th of July, £106." That was not the amount that had been paid, because there was a discount of 12 per cent, and a commission of 4 to 5 per cent. That would bring it down to £100. On the 27th of the same month there was an entry, "Freeman, London, four months—228 watches, series E, at £1. 6d. each." £106: 36 watches, series J, at £1. 6d. each, £21. 12s.; 36 watches, series L, at £1. 6d. each, £21. 12s.—total £215. 4s.: 30 per cent, £6. 7s. 4d.: £205. 1s. The last entry was in his handwriting. Mr. Warner gave him the particulars of that entry—it was decided to again remand the prisoner.

DISAPPOINTED LOVE.

MURDER OF A SWEETHEART: SUICIDE OF THE MURDERER.

The town of Aligre has been the scene of one of those dramas of disappointed love which have drawn the public attention recently to the North African colony of the French Republic. After the Chambery case and the attempted poisoning of a husband by a wife at Ain Fezza, there is now the murder of Faany Vivot, whose lover shot her dead and then committed suicide. Faany Vivot was a beautiful blonde, the daughter of a baker in the Rue Medecis. She was deeply beloved by a young man in her father's employment, named Joanne, who asked her in marriage. Faany Vivot did not absolutely reject the candidate for his daughter's hand and, but remained him that Faany was only 15, and therefore too young to be led to the altar. Joanne regarded the proposed adjournment as tantamount to a refusal on the part of the baker, who, he concluded, wanted the girl to marry somebody in a good position. The following day the couple were summoned by the society for neglecting the child, but now it had attained a more serious aspect. Mr. Roberts (from the solicitor's department of the London County Council) said he also was proceeding against the prisoner for taking in nurse children without having the necessary registration required by the Act of 1872 to be obtained from the County Council. Mr. Broe thought there was sufficient upon which to remand the prisoner for a week. The husband of the prisoner asked that she might be admitted to bail, but Mr. Broe said he might be admitted to bail, but the prisoner was taken to the cells.

Madame Pacaud, wife of a hard-working artisan, has created a good deal of sensation in the Rue Sedaine, a street in the East-end of Paris. She began at a late hour to attack people who were ascending the general stairs of the house in which she resided. The woman next took up her husband's revolver and fired it with it at passers-by in the street. This terrible state of affairs was soon reported to the local commissary of police, who hastened to Madame Pacaud's abode, and succeeded in arresting her without difficulty. The sight of the official in uniform having no doubt calmed her over-excited nerves. Luckily no one was injured during the terrible "tantrums" of the woman, who is now under medical observation as a maniac.

A DANGEROUS WOMAN.

Madame Pacaud, wife of a hard-working artisan, has created a good deal of sensation in the Rue Sedaine, a street in the East-end of Paris. She began at a late hour to attack people who were ascending the general stairs of the house in which she resided. The woman next took

THE PEOPLE"

MIXTURE.

Life is terribly real to the drinking man. London continues to improve in salubrity. The death rate last week fell to 16.6 per 1,000. There were twenty-four deaths from siffleria in London last week. Forty children died in the metropolis last week from whooping cough. Ten persons were run over and killed in the streets of London last week. Barley is cheaper this year than it was last, notwithstanding the bad weather.

It is figured out that only one individual in 100 is over six feet in height. But there are many others who feel that they are much bigger than the rest of humanity.

Influenza is spreading rapidly in the Spanish province of Xeres—whence, according to an unscrupulous correspondent, quite a long series of fatalities are reported.

"Wanted, an ass sub-editor," is a recent advertisement in one of the literary papers. It is to be hoped that the advertiser will secure the particular species he seeks.

The Portsmouth Town Council have decided to adopt the electric light, and agreed to borrow £20,000 to cover the cost of the site and machinery.

"What is bad language?" naively asks a magazine writer. He cannot know what it is to lose one's train through searching for one's collar stud which has rolled under the bed.

The Pope has put 2,000 beds at the disposal of the French pilgrims, who will be lodged at the Vatican. The report that the pilgrims will have to pay for their lodging there is not true.

Mr. Carr, the United States Minister at Copenhagen, has received notice from the authorities of the removal of the prohibition upon the import of American pork into Denmark, from which country it has been excluded since March, 1888.

Two men who were walking along Oxford-street about mid day received gun-shots in the head, and were taken to Middlesex Hospital. The bullets were extracted, and in the course of the afternoon the men were discharged. It is supposed that some one had been testing an airgun in the vicinity.

The prohibition of the export of rye from Russia will, it is stated, shortly be extended to the Port of Archangel, which has hitherto been exempt from that regulation. The export of rye, bread, and biscuits from any part of the Russian frontier will also be prohibited by official decree.

It is said that when the King of Siam travels every district through which he passes is bound to supply him with board and lodgings. It is to be hoped that the King's brother, Prince Damrong, will not expect the same treatment in England, or he may find himself in—well, not to put too fine a point upon it—the Damrong box.

Photocromography will advance another step when M. Marcy proves that he is able to photograph insects on the wing. The way, after disengaging of its sting, the fly on being caught in the meshes of the spider's web, and the butterfly after feeding the entomologist—think what interesting expression studies these will make.

The body of a young woman, which subsequent inquiry proved to be that of Miss Naomi Day, of Walmer, was found in the sea the other morning at Deal. The deceased was about 18 years of age, and lived with her mother at Walmer. She had been missing from her home since the 1st inst. The body, when found, was fully dressed, even to the gloves.

The wheel axle of an omnibus running from Llandaff broke against a kerbstone, at Cardiff, and several outside passengers were pitched off and sustained more or less severe injury. The most serious case was that of Mr. Ellen Westlake, who was very badly crushed. She was conveyed to the infirmary. Other passengers were attended to at the Royal Exchange. Nearly all the windows of the omnibus were broken.

Notwithstanding foreign competition, the popularity of the Liverpool transatlantic liners is evidenced in the abnormally heavy bookings of returning tourists westward bound. For the next few days nearly all the berths of these vessels from Liverpool are fully engaged. The Cunard Company alone carried, between August 25th and September 5th, 1,292 saloon, 607 second cabin, and 1,228 steerage passengers.

The Agricultural Congress at the Hague has passed a resolution favourable to an international convention for securing a more efficient enforcement of the existing law, and of future legislation directed against the adulteration of food stuffs. Another proposal was adopted advocating an international agreement to prosecute accomplices in any adulteration who might be discovered in one of the countries bound by such convention.

An inquiry was held at Brighton into the death of a young man named Shaw, who shot himself in his bed-room at his mother's house, 62, Norfolk-square. Deceased, who was an auctioneer's clerk, left the following letter:

"Dear mother—My head is weak. I can't do any good in the world. I can't go to a lunatic asylum. Dear mother, good-bye. Lord have mercy on my soul. Love to all." A verdict of suicide whilst of unsound mind was returned.

The receipts on account of revenue from the 1st of April, when there was a balance of £4,370,837, to the 5th inst., were £234,737,764, against £234,740,270, in the corresponding period of the preceding financial year, which began with a balance of £5,220,261. The net expenditure was £236,933,106, against £235,571,970 to the same date in the previous year. The Treasury balances on the 5th inst. amounted to £22,713,632, and at the same date in 1890 to £1,057,563.

Mr. Tom Mann, speaking at a meeting of the Tidal Basin branch of the Dock, Wharf, Binside, and General Labourers' Union, said that whenever real occasion arose their organisation would be able to give a good account of itself in the shape of a hard stand-up fight as any society of workers in the land. The fact that the Government had appointed a labour commission was indication that they regarded the labour problem as one requiring Governmental attention.

Lord Cross, addressing a Unionist demonstration at Whitehaven, said that Mr. Gladstone, in reference to the bye-elections, had counted his chickens before they were hatched. The country had emphatically pronounced against Home Rule, and the next general election would disclose that the people still held that view. The present Government was one of deeds and not words, and its opponents were unable to find a blot in its foreign, Indian, and financial administration, while they were compelled to praise its domestic legislation.

John and Edward McCann, brothers, both newspaper vendors, were charged at the Marylebone Police Court with being disorderly and assaulting the constable who had taken them into custody for fighting. The officer admitted that he had aimed a blow with his truncheon at John McCann's arm, and had accidentally struck him on the head. Prisoner observed that the blow might have broken his arm, and considered it better for him that he had been hit on the head. The magistrate remarked that a blow on the head was against the police regulations; but Mike McCann was satisfied, as one had

right to complain. Still, his preference was hardly creditable. Both men were discharged.

It isn't so much what a man is that makes him happy. It's what he thinks he is.

Don't flirt with a married woman—unless, of course, she happens to be your own wife.

There were ten failures in the building trade last week.

The number of failures in England and Wales gauged during the week ending the 4th inst. was 62.

The canal to be laid out in the representation of Venice, at Olympia, will have an aggregate length of a mile.

The Vatican is said to be engaged in earnest consideration of a proposal to canonise Jean d'Arc.

Influenza has not yet left us. Twelve deaths in London last week were attributed to that complaint.

The Coach and Harness Makers' Company have selected as their master for the ensuing year Mr. Edmund Boulnois, M.P.

A coach is to be run between Oxford and London. It will follow the route of the famous "Tantivy" and "Oxford Dedication."

It is only the successful prima donna who can buy the handsomest gowns for a mere song.

The bank cashier seldom goes off without being loaded, and even then he makes no report.

That girl in Gainesville, U.S.A., whose hair is 10 ft. 6 in. long, need never be hard pushed for a tasteful bathing costume.

The shipping trade of Gibraltar is declining.

In 1889 the total tonnage entered and cleared was 12,500,000. Last year it fell to 11,500,000.

The report comes from St. Petersburg that the second son of the Czar, the Grand Duke George, is suffering from tuberculosis of the lungs.

In Vienna a tax has been placed on trailing dresses. It seems rather ungrateful to make the ladies pay for the privilege of cleaning the streets.

Some excitement has been caused at Belgrade by a report that ex-King Milan will accompany his son, King Alexander, to that city.

In one town under fifty miles from London, largely frequented by the day tripper class, the pie receipts were £1,000 short last month in consequence of the bad weather.

A commission has been conferred upon Sergeant E. C. C. Wilson, of the Northamptonshire Regiment, who is promoted to a second lieutenant in the Royal Scots Fusiliers.

The Hindoo god Juggernaut is said to have grown tired in his dilapidated temple at Puri, and has gone for a change to Santipore. A temple is being built for him there.

The Chester Town Council has voted £700, placed at its disposal by the Government, to the Chester School of Science and Art, in aid of technical and manual instruction.

Among the more interesting inhabitants of the insect house at the Zoo are a family of scorpions, which dwell together under a piece of cork in one of the smaller glass cases to the right of the entrance.

The Plymouth County Council has resolved to erect memorials in the town commemorating the departure of the Mayflower from Plymouth, and the battle between the Roundheads and Cavaliers.

Allardice, the jockey and steeplechase rider, has died suddenly at Royston. He had charge of Mr. Percy's training stables there, and his death was accelerated by injuries received while riding in a race some time ago.

The Gazette states that the Queen has presented the Rev. William Thomas Robson, M.A., to the vicarage of Kirkby-in-Cleveland, void by the death of the Rev. Edward Henry Smart, the last incumbent.

At an important crossing in the City there is a policeman who speaks French like a Parisian, having, in fact, though English born, lived for many years in the French capital.

"When may men wear jewellery?" asks a writer in a society journal. We should guess when they can get it. Possibly those green men who wear a small ticket in the place where a chronometer ought to be could throw some light on this question.

There was at first some consternation at the statements that Madame Blavatsky's cremated remains were to be divided between three cities. But as the late high priestess weighed some 300lb. there may after all be enough ash to go round.

Kilnay scavengers want a rise of four shillings a week, but a Scotch contemporary opines that the authorities will "refuse the application." The scavengers will be surprised if they do. You see, they are used to refuse.

The forty-fifth annual conference of the Evangelical Alliance will be held at Bath on the 19th of October and the two following days. The subjects of addresses will include the recent international conference at Florence and the Bible and modern thought.

Bird lovers will be glad to hear that the membership roll of the Society for the Protection of Birds is daily increasing.

The only undertaking made by a member is not to wear the feathers of any bird not killed for food, save those of the ostrich.

So much has the art of dressing and dyeing feathers been developed, that numbers of the seemingly rare feather birds which have been worn during the summer have simply been made from the plumage of the barn-door fowl.

Major the Hon. Miles Stapleton succeeds to the command of the 20th Hussars, vacant by the retirement of Colonel Graves on the completion of his six years' service as a regimental lieutenant-colonel. Captain W. N. Thomas and Lieutenant W. C. Vaughan also obtain promotion in consequence of Colonel Graves' retirement.

Thomas Reilly, arrested for drunkenness in Dublin, was in a comatos condition on arriving at the police station. The gentle persuasiveness of the stomach pump induced Reilly to vomit half a sovereign, a shilling which was found in one of his socks and a postage stamp in the other. From all which it would seem that his tailor had not provided poor Reilly with proper pocket accommodation.

A few months ago the carriage of one of our recent chief magistrates of the City was utilised by a "showman" for purposes of advertisement. It was exactly as it appeared during the year of office of the Lord Mayor in point, the heraldry, and even his lordship's coat of arms, being still on the panels.

The experiment tried last autumn of landing a number of the able-bodied Russian convicts at Vladivostock and utilising their labour on the eastern section of the trans-Siberian Railway works has not proved a success. Many of the convicts have committed crimes in the neighbourhood, and others have escaped.

The steamer Moskva, which sailed a few days ago from Odessa for the far East, carried 502 male and 62 female convicts for Saganhs. The St. Petersburg leaves this week with a further party of 107 female convicts. About two-thirds of the total number of these deportees have been convicted of minor and other heinous crimes.

What is believed to be the oldest house in the United States stands in a good state of preservation, in the village of Guilford, Connecticut. Guilford was settled in 1639 by a party from England, headed by the Rev. Henry Whitfield, and the stone house was built in that year, so that it is now over 250 years old.

Mahonland already boasts of a newspaper. True, there is not much news as far as it is, but there are plenty of advertisements—so many, in fact, proportionately to the necessarily limited number of subscribers, as to remind one of the saying concerning the people of the Scilly Isles—that they gained a precarious livelihood by taking in one another's washing.

The Queen, we are informed, has accepted a copy of Miss Marie Corelli's "Romance of Two Worlds," which was presented by one of the ladies-in-waiting. Her Majesty was pleased to intimate that she would like "all Marie Corelli's works," and a set of the volumes (published by Messrs. Bentley), specially bound in white and gold, have therefore been conveyed to Balmoral.

The Vicomte de Caix de Alayron, a Frenchman, has just returned from a tour in the Orient, and begins by grinding meat enough to last for the twenty-four hours.

When she has set the bread working for the morning meal she tethers the horses, drives out the sheep and goats to pasture, fetches her water, gathers more wood, and does all the dirty work before the nuts on her fine clothes for the women.

Frederick Charles Bennett, a fellow porter, was charged with assaulting George Gibson, a member of the Dock, Wharf, Riverside, and General Labourers' Union, by striking him on the shoulder. It transpired that there was a dispute between the union and the fellowship porter, whose enjoyment of certain privileges was objectionable to the unionists. Sir A. Leek dismissed the summons, and warned the men that these

quarrels, with consequent delay of work, would result in the introduction of machinery.

The man of small calibre is very often a big bore.

It is "all up" with the novices on a rough sea voyage.

If he can spend money as fast as he makes it, the counterfeiter is satisfied.

If you want to know what unspeakable anguish is, just tread on a stoker's ear.

The queen of the tea-table fulfils the old proverb: She never reigns but she pours.

Visitors to Ireland must understand that the Blarney Stone is not a sham rock.

Only perfumed and successful detectives can turn coats into dollars.

One hundred and eighty millions of tons of coal were mined in Great Britain last year.

The postmistress of Gibraltar receives an annual salary of £700.

The King of Siam has just turned the first sod of the first railway the country will possess.

The 2nd Battalion Grenadier Guards, who come to London shortly, will be quartered at the Tower.

A great improvement has taken place in the health of Mr. W. H. Smith during the past few days, and he is now able to take much more carriage exercise.

The syndicate which so long cornered the rubber market has at length broken a down. Even a rubber ring can be subjected to too much tension.

Audiences are "moved" in various ways according to the performances they witness.

At some amateur shows they move right out before the first act is over.

Reports concerning the Scotch prisons show that the death-rate last year was only five per thousand. Plain living is evidently conducive to healthy living.

George Washington Childs commenced life as an office sweeper on a salary of \$20 a week.

The clergyman who asks leave of a company to "dilate on the evils of betting," is on the wrong tack. Good men do not "dilate."

On the contrary, they die early.

The consecration of Dr. Gott to the bishopric of Truro is to be celebrated at St. Paul's Cathedral on the 29th inst., being the feast of St. Michael and All Angels.

The German Emperor has had an enthusiastic reception in Mexico and was presented with an address at the Town Hall by the burgomaster.

The labour demonstrations held at Montreal on Monday were the largest that have ever taken place in Canada. There were no disturbances or troubles of any kind.

It is reported in Berlin that Dr. Stahlmann, one of the colleagues of Emin Pacha, has been killed in a fight with the natives to the north of Lake Tananyika.

A letter has been received from Dr. Crowther, bishop of the Niger territory, stating that his health was much improved. Dr. Crowther was consecrated in 1884.

A Skibbereen telegram states that the autumn mackerel fishery on the Cork coast opened most auspiciously, one boat having made the enormous haul of 40,000 fish since nightfall.

Lord Teignmouth is on a visit to Lincolnshire, and has been to Somerby Vicarage, his birthplace, and also to Louth, at the grammar school of which town he received his early education.

Mr. George Augustus Sala has discovered that "go to pot" is not a slang expression, it having been used as long ago as the time of Titus Oates.

"Gone to pot" may now be trotted out in the very best society.

A tremendous water-pot burst over Budapest, last Sunday, causing a great loss of property. Heavy rainfalls are reported from various parts of the country.

A railway embankment near Totis gave way, and a goods train was thrown off the rails.

Her Majesty's stag-hounds are expected to commence hunting next month, for the purpose of training the hounds preparatory to the opening of the regular season, which commences in November.

The second spandrel of the choir in St. Paul's Cathedral is now in process of gilding.

A new window has been added to the clerestory of the choir, representing the prophet Daniel.

The Cotton Association at Cairo reports that the intense heat of August has developed over Badia, in the Suez Canal.

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TURF, FIELD, AND RIVER.
BY LALY LYNN.

of the most notable incidents that the opposition met with was the appearance of the horses entered and special entries. The horses entered and special entries should be made safe to horses starting in the market against a horse which had been put up for sale. The publican of the hotel had been in communication with his horse which affects the opinion held by "Lally Lynn" prior to going to press.

A happier celebration of the St. Leger than that which has just passed away I do not remember within my experience, which dates from that eventful day when, on Doncaster's town Moor, Lord Lyon and Savoie fought out, foot by inch, their Derby battle over again with a similar result, and resulting in Lord Lyon earning the triple-crown, of which there were previously but two winners, to wit, Winc Australian and the mighty Frenchman, Gladiateur. If the opening of Doncaster's annual carnival was heralded by a misty drizzling morning, and the afternoon was dull and cloudy, the latter day was typical of a glorious Indian summer, for that popular "domestic servant of all work, the sun," put in some of his best endeavours, and from early morn until the afternoon began to wane, the day was bright and joyous.

Doncaster was, as it always is in the St. Leger week, Jewish with excitement, and it seemed hard to believe that a year had lapsed since Monks moved beyond doubt the superiority of the basic fillies over the classic colts. The city was crammed with visitors, and although they now take up their quarters in the neighbouring towns and villages owing to the agitation Doncaster has obtained for evil men and exorbitant hotel charges, to say nothing of the objectionable importunities of tattered vendors, the old town, which once Allabacca won the first St. Leger in 1768, had held such a prominent place in turf history, was as full as ever of the erring humanity that loves the thoroughbred. Then are the ghosts—so Doncaster, you know, full of ghosts—all some there are who believe that in the "wee ains" round the spirits of John Scott, the Wizard of the North, and his brother, "Black Bill," rider of nine St. Leger winners, haunt the Subscriptions after the frequenters have gone home to rest and talk of the days when Whitewall, Legge cracks were the terror of south country trainers. The Subscriptions, however, have grown respectable in our days, for hazard is no more, and the transactions that take place in the big room adorned with counterfeit presentations of dead and gone St. Leger heroes and heroines are as decorous as the proceedings of a meeting of theosophists.

To begin, however, at the beginning of things. Tuesday morning opened wet and dreary, and with only Common, Cuttlestone, and St. Simon of the Rock on the scene of action, the early birds who went out to look at the morning gallops had very little to reward them for their pains. Common, I may as well say, did not please the Yorkshiremen. They voted him light and tucked up, and hardly the sort of animal to set the seal on his fame by earning the triple-crown. How oddly these opinions were borne out the result of the race on Wednesday shows.

Tuesday was in every way a baker's day, as, in all, six favourites caught the judge's eye first, in Morebattle, Lady Lena, La Flèche, Detective, Scarborough, and Evil Eye. A good commencement was made with the Fitzwilliam Stakes, for which even sported silk, and the big, upstanding Morebattle, who had been long on the shelf, was made a warm favourite, for he enjoyed the confidence of Spigot Lodge. Chandler, who rode him, played a waiting game until the distance, and then, closing with Oronte, on a stoutly fought dash by a neck. Only a trio put in an appearance for the Clubberdale, and it was not at all to be wondered at that Lady Lena, who had previously won five races of the real, started with odds on her, notwithstanding the fact that she was giving weight to Cardrona, the best two-year-old in the "north countries." The end justified the wagering, as Lady Lena practically won from end to end, and although C. Loates had to ask for a question at the bend, she responded so staunchly and won so easily that there is no knowing how good this daughter of Cylinder, who cost 115 guineas as a yearling, is. It is a pity that she has not a classic engagement to her name next year. True it is she has been very well placed in all her races, but she has won all of them so easily that it is impossible to value her real merits. Twice as many competitors as last year entered the lists for the Champagne Stakes, but rumours as to a dangerous dark opponent to La Flèche proved to be unfounded, as the antagonists of the sister Memoir had all been seen under silk before.

The vanquished, and all praise must be accorded to Rêverend, who fought a tremendous fight for victory at the distance, La Flèche, who is a trifly, easily shocked, and, with the exception of the first, was, no doubt, the best two-year-old filly in England, and Baron de Hirson may be congratulated on her possession, for he will probably turn out one of the few high-priced youngsters who will pay for their purchase money. There is probably no better youngster in the country unless it be Orme, and John Porter holds indeed a strong hand for next year's classic races.

Detective was well backed for the Stand Plate, and after a pretty finish with Dersham, he succeeded in justifying the confidence reposed in him. With The Admiral as an庶eute, William L'Anson supplied the favourite for the Great Yorkshire Handicap in Shancroft, whilst Silver Spur, whose chance was much more fancied after Lady Lena's victory, was next best backed in a fast run race, which evidently did not suit Silver Spur, who, fear, is no weight-carrier. Shancroft, Shrine, Scroob, Owl, and Houndsditch, as well as Mr. Charlton's mare, all showed to advantage, but inside the distance the great raking, flat-sided Alloway, who never was "officer of mine," bore down in the lot, and, thanks to the determined and vigorous horsemanship of Mornington Cannon, beat Mr. Lowther's colt by a neck, but Mr. Masterman backed his horse, and, trust, got back some of his previous losses on the colt, who ran in blinders for the first time, finished as true as steel, and to the dismay of the ploughmen on Marvel, ran Lord Hartington's colt out of it. As showing the glorious uncertainty of the turf, it may be noted that Day Dawn, who won the Hartington Plate at Derby, in which race Tostig was unplaced, on Thursday was a absolute whipper-in to the royal Tostig.

La Flèche's fine turn of speed got him home in the Ross Plate, which he won in a canter from the Stanton-trained Walnut, with Mr. Noel Fenwick's other representative, Vampire, third. Of the other races on the long card, Mr. Maple's colours were carried to victory by Chibbie in the Juvenile Plate; and Bracken, who found the going at Doncaster more to his liking than the heavy mud at York, proved too good for the penalised Newcastle East End, which is not regarded as even the strongest Newcastle club, to beat them by two goals to none. It was this up and down sort of form which so exasperated the supporters of Sunderland last year, and they have apparently not yet got the better of their bad habits.

The St. Leger day broke bright and gloriously beautiful, and never do I remember seeing a greater crowd or a finer autumn afternoon. The lovely summer-like weather which has come in with the present month made the course splendid going, and the great equine battle was fairly fought out under splendid conditions for all the candidates concerned. The St. Leger track is one of the fairest in the kingdom, and no excuses can be offered for the beaten horses who finished behind Common on Wednesday last, as, in a race run race, they were beaten fair and square on their merits, and the victor stands out alone, a fifth triple-crowned champion and the best of his year. It was a remarkable fact that Yorkshire folk should have regarded Common with feelings of such

hostility, as the horse looked trained to the very minute, and the muscle stood out on his dark, brown coat in marked relief. Economy's son looking, as he proved himself to be, a St. Leger horse all over.

From early in the forenoon the cheap trippers came pouring into the town, and the stream of vehicles and of pedestrians towards the time-honoured moor was a continuous one from 9 o'clock until racing began. It is a lovely walk or drive from the malodorous town out to the course, past the time-honoured Salutation Inn, whose stables have echoed to the tramp of some of the greatest thoroughbreds that ever stood on iron, and under the avenue of stately elms that leads to the approaches to the famous equine battle ground. Times have altered since "Scott's lot" monopolised the Salutation stalls, and southern trainers looked forward with fear and anxiety to the surprise being prepared for them by the Wizard of Whitewall.

No northern candidate this year came from Whitewall's deserted stalls to do battle with the southern steeds, but Langton Wood was championed by Bosphorus and The Admiral, both trained at Highfield House, and both of these horses were backed by enthusiastic admirers, although no sort of book form could be made out to represent The Admiral's St. Leger chance. Overnight at the Subscription rooms there was marked hostility evinced towards Common, and evens could be obtained about the pride of Kingscote with little difficulty, but on Wednesday a reaction set in in his favour, and when the flag fell those who backed him had to lay 5 to 4 on him. He was as quiet as an old sheep as he walked round the paddock, and no horse was more admired than Economy's son, for he looked fit to run for a man's life. Rêverend, too, had a business-like look that one could not ignore, and Orvieto commanded a lot of admirers, although both swatted freely. Mimi did not see until she joined her horses in the center led by Orvieto, who, in the absence of Tom Cannon through indisposition, was ridden by that accomplished horseman, Watts. Colonel North's candidate, St. Simon of the Rock, striped very fit and well, and he ran in the race like a thorough stayer. The two previous events had not been run up to time, and consequently when the start for the big race took place we were a bit late. Only one failure occurred before Mr. Coventry sent them away on their arduous journey. Rêverend, on whom Woodburn forced the pace throughout, at once cut out the work, and on settling down was followed by Orvieto, The Admiral, Common, and St. Simon of the Rock, whilst Mimi was then coming along in front of Bosphorus. After going half a mile Common took second place, but the leader kept sailing along at the head of his field, and St. Simon of the Rock, which came to hand on the St. Leger day. There is at present no absolute need to deal with these events at any length, as until the Doncaster meeting is over no great attention will be paid to these book and races. The acceptances are taken all round, fluttering to the handicappers, as only thirty-five out of eighty-six declared forfeit for the Cesarewitch, and only forty-nine non-contenders registered out of the 124 subscribers in the Cambridgeshire. It will be noted that Generale has vanished from the Cesarewitch, and this is not to be wondered at, seeing that he was not allowed any pounds for the beating. Morris gave him a free Acoot, St. Simon of the Rock, with The Admiral now dropping back. They were then lost to sight, but on reappearing, after getting through the furze, Rêverend was still leading his field a merry dance, and Patrick Blue was racing alongside Common, and Patrick Blue and Mimi at their heels. Past the rifle butts sailed Rêverend and Common, who beat St. Simon of the Rock by a neck.

Cameronian, one of the earliest tips, has accepted for both races; and so, too, has Mons Mag, whose chances strongly fancy for the Cesarewitch. Common won the League in the manner of a thorough stayer. He has been scratched for the Cesarewitch, and so has Mimo. The poundage of St. 12lb. in the Cambridgeshire might not stop him, the latter weight being just 1 lb less than another triple crown victor, Gladiateur attempted in vain to carry up the Criterion hill.

The Chevalier Giniestrelli has accepted for the Cambridgeshire with Signorina, but he warns the public that she has other engagements. Amphion holds his own in the Cambridgeshire Handicap, despite the 10st. 5lb. he is asked to put up. When time is ripe for it, I shall return to the subject of the autumn handicaps. At present I have no little fancy for Mons Mag for the Cesarewitch, for which race Chesterfield may turn out to be a scratch. St. Simon of the Rock will find a host of friends after his forthcoming running in the St. Leger, and St. 12lb. would, however, not stop him, the latter weight being just 1 lb less than another triple crown victor, Gladiateur attempted in vain to carry up the Criterion hill.

Cycling records are still being relegated to the rear. Several of the old, and, as some people think, fossilised figures have been consigned to oblivion during the past few days, and should there be a continuance of such weather as that which was experienced on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday last, many further upheavals may be expected. This is essentially the record-breaking time of the year, and, by S. C. Montague's lowering of the 50 miles record for ordinaries along the road last Saturday, the half mile beating by E. C. Nebois of the old record of 173 miles in 12 hours on Tuesday, and the wiping out, by J. E. Archer, on the same evening, of E. H. Dillon's records from 26 to 32 miles inclusive, show that the onslaught has commenced in earnest, and with satisfactory results.

On Thursday night, too, N. L. Lambley, at the Herne Hill Ground, broke all records for three, four, and five miles, the times being 1min. 8 2-sec., 10min. 41 1-sec., and 15min. 44 1-sec., which being less than the previous best five miles. He rode an ordinary. Subsequently A. T. Moore tied Omond's pneumatic safety record for half a mile (1min. 7 3-sec.).

There should be a most sensational trotting race at Alexandra Park next Monday, as Colonial Wood, the holder of the English mile trotting record, 2min. 26sec., will meet in the cup race for the first time Harry Walker, the champion of England, and holder of the pacing records—half mile, 1min. 12-sec.; mile, 2min. 39 4-sec. Special prizes are offered records to be broken, therefore some fast time is certain to be seen. A telegram has just been received from Dan McPhee, announcing that he left Berlin on Wednesday, 9th inst., with Colonial Wood and George Peacockman (2min. 36sec.), therefore they are certain starters for her accidents.

The football season is now, so far as the leading Association teams are concerned, well under way. During the four months' interval since the end of last season, many of the great clubs in the north, and at least one in the south, have effected a thorough re-organisation of their forces, and it was with some trepidation and curiosity that the results of the first few matches were awaited. That the changes in personnel really have brought about a change in the relative strength of some of the League clubs is now perfectly obvious. Everton were last year champions of the League; and West Bromwich Albion, though fairly successful in the Association Cup competition, had a comparatively insignificant position in the League, yet the Throstles, as they are locally known, succeeded in inflicting a severe defeat of four goals to none upon Everton.

Nor was this the only result which showed a difference in form from that of last year. Blackburn Rovers, holders of the Association Cup, announced in unmistakable fashion to Astley Villa, another club low down in last year's League committee, Preston North End, as having time regarded as well nigh invincible, has already been beaten by Notts (two to none) and Burnley (two to one); but North End showed signs of decadence; last year Notts made a rapid advance upon their former display.

Sunderland, a team which was expected to do more than it performed last season, made a good beginning in League matches by defeating Wolverhampton Wanderers by five goals to two, but showed a lamentable falling off a couple of days later, when they permitted Newcastle East End, which is not regarded as even the strongest Newcastle club, to beat them by two goals to none. It was this up and down sort of form which so exasperated the supporters of Sunderland last year, and they have apparently not yet got the better of their bad habits.

The Royal Arsenal, as our readers know, have entered upon an ambitious career, having adopted professionalism, and tackled

Simon out of Plaisanterie, and Golden Mass. If Common had been mine own, I should not have sold him, but the patrons of the Kingcote stable seem to possess no sentimental tendencies towards the horses who carry their colours to victory, and as the Duke of Westminster sold Ormonde, Sir Frederick Johnston and Lord Arlington have got rid of Common. The latter may not be of the class of the four previous triple crown heroes, but he is, with the exception of Satisty, the best Economy horse in the country, and, apart from his engagements, he should prove quite worth the £15,000 Mr. Maple gave for him as a lord of the harem. The colt by St. Simon out of Plaisanterie is a fine specimen of the young thoroughbred, and the £6,000. Mr. Maple paid for him is the highest price ever given for a yearling in England, although in America a yearling named King Thomas was sold for £7,500. Golden Mass should develop into a valuable brood mare, and it is to be hoped she will do better for Mr. Maple than she did for the Prince of Wales. Mr. Maple deserves the thanks of the country for keeping Common here instead of allowing him to be sold into exile in America.

The meeting came to a conclusion on Friday in glorious weather. The Doncaster Cup did not provoke the enthusiasm of old times, but some interest was manifested in the meeting of Queen's Birthday and Gonzalvo, who practically represented north and south. With a 10lb. pull in the weights, Queen's Birthday had no difficulty in beating Gonzalvo, and this victory was, no doubt, very palatable to Yorkshires. The more than useful Westminster landed the Westmorland Stakes, and the bonnie little Ceres showed a return to her two-year-old form by beating Haute Sudre and Mimi in the Park Hill Stakes. Huntington and Peter Piper accounted for the two nurseries, and the curtain fell on Orvieto's success in the Doncaster Stake.

With the bustle and turmoil of the Doncaster week still on the simmer, I have but a scant time or space at my disposal to discuss the acceptances for the Cesarewitch and Cambridge Handicaps, which came to hand on the St. Leger day. There is at present no absolute need to deal with these events at any length, as until the Doncaster meeting is over no great attention will be paid to these book and races. The acceptances are taken all round, fluttering to the handicappers, as only thirty-five out of eighty-six declared forfeit for the Cesarewitch, and only forty-nine non-contenders registered out of the 124 subscribers in the Cambridgeshire. It will be noted that Generale has vanished from the Cesarewitch, and this is not to be wondered at, seeing that he was not allowed any pounds for the beating. Morris gave him a free Acoot, St. Simon of the Rock, with The Admiral now dropping back. They were then lost to sight, but on reappearing, after getting through the furze, Rêverend was still leading his field a merry dance, and Patrick Blue was racing alongside Common, and Patrick Blue and Mimi at their heels. Past the rifle butts sailed Rêverend and Common, who beat St. Simon of the Rock by a neck.

Could they, however, have foreseen the kind of weather which was to favour them on the day I think they would have adhered to the old arrangement. In one way, at all events, the departure was to be regretted. It completely spoiled the bicycle races, during which fewer than seven of the competitors came to grief, while the abstention of the scratch man, F. W. Scheltema-Bedouin, was also to be regretted. There is another reason why the races should either have been decided as originally intended, or (falling the re-adjustment of the starts) have been abandoned altogether.

The handicaps were framed for grass, and on grass it should therefore have been ridden, or not allowed to take place at all. This was the only blot on one of the best programmes ever seen in the London district. The racing throughout was extremely keen; and if the North London patrols of athletic sports never get a worse return for their money than that which fell to their lot last Saturday they will be fortunate indeed.

Cycling records are still being relegated to the rear. Several of the old, and, as some people think, fossilised figures have been consigned to oblivion during the past few days, and should there be a continuance of such weather as that which was experienced on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday last, many further upheavals may be expected. This is essentially the record-breaking time of the year, and, by S. C. Montague's lowering of the 50 miles record for ordinaries along the road last Saturday, the half mile beating by E. C. Nebois of the old record of 173 miles in 12 hours on Tuesday, and the wiping out, by J. E. Archer, on the same evening, of E. H. Dillon's records from 26 to 32 miles inclusive, show that the onslaught has commenced in earnest, and with satisfactory results.

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I hear that an international congress on trotting will be held at Baden-Baden from the 15th to the 20th of this month. Mr. F. Cathcart has been elected to represent the Trotting Union of Great Britain.

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many of the most famous clubs in the land. Because they were beaten by a couple of goals by Sheffield United last Saturday the patrons at once concluded that they had made a mistake, and would soon bitterly regret their departure from the grounds of God and holy amateurism. But these forests, or never known what sort of team Sheffield United really is. Last year they proved themselves over and again to be fully the equal of, if not stronger, than the better known Sheffield Wednesday club, and performed so magnificently that they were held in high esteem in the north. And what has been their career this winter? They beat Millwall Athletic to the same margin as that which this year's St. Leger did. The engine, when it struck the wall, rose and the wall fell. The first carriage came through all right, and the second and third carriages turned, the one to the right and the other to the left. He was first on the scene and picked up the deceased. The engine was still wearing the clothes he went away in, and had a very forlorn and hopeless appearance. During the morning he was taken before the mayor, Mr. Woodhead, M.P., and Mr. Tomlinson. When the warrant was read over to him charging him with the murder of Catherine Dennis, he replied that he had not. Then she besought him to speak the truth, whatever were the consequences, and he said he would. She then informed P.C. Taylor, who came to the house and arrested the prisoner, whom he found lying on a bed in one of the bed-rooms. The prisoner looked scared, but he was too weak to offer any resistance. Taylor conveyed the prisoner to the police station, the people in the meantime raising the cry that Stockwell ought to be lynched. Stockwell was still wearing the clothes he went away in, and had a very forlorn and hopeless appearance. During the morning he was taken before the mayor, Mr. Woodhead, M.P., and Mr. Tomlinson. When the warrant was read over to him charging him with the murder of Catherine Dennis, he replied that he had not. Then she besought him to speak the truth, whatever were the consequences, and he said he would. She then informed P.C. Taylor, who came to the house and arrested the prisoner, whom he found lying on a bed in one of the bed-rooms. The prisoner looked scared, but he was too weak to offer any resistance. Taylor conveyed the prisoner to the police station, the people in the meantime raising the cry that Stockwell ought to be lynched. Stockwell was still wearing the clothes he went away in, and had a very forlorn and hopeless appearance. During the morning he was taken before the mayor, Mr. Woodhead, M.P., and Mr. Tomlinson. When the warrant was read over to him charging him with the murder of Catherine Dennis, he replied that he had not. Then she besought him to speak the truth, whatever were the consequences, and he said he would. She then informed P.C. Taylor, who came to the house and arrested the prisoner, whom he found lying on a bed in one of the bed-rooms. The prisoner looked scared, but he was too weak to offer any resistance. Taylor conveyed the prisoner to the police

